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THE WORKS

OF

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Portrait of Tennyson.

Etched by William Unger.

Édition de Luxe

THE WORKS

OF

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Poet Laureate

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

BOSTON

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PREFACE.

THE plan of this edition was formed by the publishers nearly ten years ago, and was then cordially approved by the poet and his family. More recently, when arrangements for carrying out the plan were perfected, the selection of the editor was no less heartily ratified by them. Lord Tennyson had already given me valuable aid in revising my editions of 'The Princess' and other of his poems; and in preparing the introduction and notes for this edition of his works I have been indebted to him and to his son, the present Lord Tennyson, for information and advice which no one else could give so well.

The text of the poems in this edition is that of the latest English editions, with the correction of many little typographical errors. Only a few of these are mentioned in the notes; but I have been careful to refer to every one con-

cerning which there could possibly be any doubt. The spelling and pointing of the English editions have been followed with rare exceptions, which have been explained in the notes when they did not explain themselves.

No poet ever made more textual changes in successive editions of his works than Tennyson; and many of these have been recorded, with more or less accuracy, by Mr. R. H. Shepherd in his 'Tennysoniana,' the Hon. J. L. Warren in the 'Fortnightly Review,' and other critics and commentators. These changes are particularly frequent in the early poems, published in 1830 and 1832, in 'The Princess,' and in the 'Idylls of the King.' I believe that I have noted *all* the changes in the poems included in this first volume. While engaged in annotating some of these poems ten years ago, I compared the later text with that of the 1830 and 1832 volumes in the British Museum; and for my work on the rest of them for this edition I have had the loan of copies of those volumes belonging to Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., of New York, to whose friendly help and counsel I have been otherwise greatly indebted.

Of the textual changes in the later poems I

shall have something to say in the prefaces to the volumes in which they appear.

I am aware that Lord Tennyson more than once expressed a certain dislike for 'variorum editions;' and in a letter thanking me for my edition of 'The Princess' he said he was sorry that I had 'preserved so many chips and shav ings' of his work. But, as I think I said to him later, when a man does his work out of doors in the public view we have a right to be interested in watching him. Whether an editor is justified in printing textual variations found only in an author's *manuscript* may be questioned; but what one has *printed* is public property, and an editor may use it at his discretion in writing the history of the work. If an author suppresses anything for *personal* reasons, — as Tennyson suppressed the early verses addressed to Christopher North and Bulwer Lytton, — it is doing him an injustice to reprint them without stating the fact of their withdrawal; but it is no injustice to give the history of the passage-at-arms between the two literary men, with the squibs bandied between them.

But the poet's figure is not so apt as it may seem at first sight. To record his various

readings is not mere picking up of chips and shavings. A poem is a work of art; and if, after finishing it and placing it on exhibition, the artist retouches it, altering a feature here and another there, it becomes to that extent a new work, and the student and critic may properly and profitably compare the work as it was with the work as it is. It is the finished product that he saves when he records its earlier form, not the 'chips and shavings' left in finishing it.

In the introduction I have been under special obligations for biographical details to the authorities (Napier, Jennings, and Mrs. Ritchie) commended to me by the poet and the present Lord Tennyson as, on the whole, the most trustworthy. I found, as they intimated that I might, occasional inaccuracies in all these, — as also in Mr. Waugh's 'Alfred Lord Tennyson,' which I did not see until my sketch was in type. When I was in doubt whether certain statements were accurate or not, I consulted the present Lord Tennyson, who kindly settled the question.

Credit for extracts from reviews and criticisms of the poems has been duly given, both in the introduction and in the notes.

The illustrations, with which I have had very little to do, can speak for themselves. I may, however, add that the poet and his family were particularly gratified that the admirable sketches by Edward Lear (to whom the lines 'To E. L.' were addressed), which no former publisher had been willing to go to the expense of reproducing, were to be used in this edition.

W. J. R.

CAMBRIDGE, *February* 1, 1895.

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THE LIFE AND WORKS

OF

LORD TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born on the 6th of August, 1809, at Somersby, a small village in Lincolnshire, about six miles from the market town of Horncastle. Its population, now somewhat diminished, was then about sixty souls. Of this and the neighbouring parish of Bag Enderby, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, Alfred's father, was rector. He was graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1801; and in 1805 he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche, vicar of Louth.

In the ancestry of the poet 'two lines are blended, the middle-class line of the Tennysons, and the noble and even royal line of the D'Eyncourts.' The former family is known to have lived at Holdernesse, in Yorkshire, in the first half of the sixteenth century. The D'Eyncourts can trace their descent from John of Gaunt, fourth son of Edward III., who married Katharine Swynford. 'The marriage was irregular, but the

children of it were legitimated by Act of Parliament in the reign of Henry V., only without the rights of succession to the crown.' Following the line of descent from John of Gaunt, we come to Edmund, Duke of Somerset, who was killed at the first battle of St. Albans. In the fourth generation from him, Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Cary, married Sir Francis Leke, of Sutton, Yorkshire, who was created Baron Deincourt in 1624. His great-grandson, Christopher Hildyard, married Jane, daughter of George Pitt, who was descended from Lionel, Duke of Clarence; and Christopher's daughter Dorothy, who married George Clayton of Great Grimsby, was the great-grandmother of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, the poet's father.[1]

The barony of Deincourt was the revival of an earlier peerage, and with this also the Tennysons are connected; the Jane Pitt who married Christopher Hildyard being the descendant, in the eleventh generation, of John, twelfth Baron d'Eyncourt of Blankney, who lived in the early part of the fifteenth century.

It may be noted incidentally that the poet's mother was a great-granddaughter of a Monsieur Fauvelle, a French Huguenot, who was related to Madame de Maintenon.

[1] For the line of descent in full, see Church's 'The Laureate's Country,' or Foster's 'The Royal Lineage of our Noble and Great Families.'

The Rev. Dr. Tennyson (he received the degree of LL.D. in 1813) was a man notable for his stature and strength, and talented withal, being 'something of a poet, painter, architect, and musician, and also a considerable linguist and mathematician.' He had twelve children, eight sons and four daughters. The eldest son, George, died in infancy; the others were Frederick (born June 5, 1807), Charles (July 4, 1808), Alfred, Edward, Arthur, Septimus, and Horatio. The daughters were Mary, Emilia, Matilda, and Cecilia. Of the sons Alfred, though the greatest, was not the only poet. Frederick has published several volumes of verse ('Days and Hours,' 1854, 'The Isles of Greece,' 1890, etc.); and Charles, who afterwards took the name of Turner on inheriting certain property from a relative, is particularly noted for his sonnets, published with other poems, in 1830, 1864, 1868, 1873, and 1880.[1] A sonnet by Edward Tennyson was printed in the 'Yorkshire Literary Annual' for 1832; and it is said that most, if not all, of the other brothers have written poetry.

Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie (in 'Harper's Magazine' for December, 1883) gives a pleasant picture of the Tennyson children at Somersby: —

[1] 'Collected Sonnets, Old and New,' issued after his death, which occurred in 1879. The volume is prefaced by his brother Alfred's lines, 'Midnight, June 30, 1879,' and contains a memoir by Hallam Tennyson and an Introductory Essay by James Spedding.

They were a noble little clan of poets and of knights, coming of a knightly race, with castles to defend, with mimic tournaments to fight. Somersby was so far away from the world, so behindhand in its echoes (which must have come there softened through all manner of green and tranquil scenes, and, as it were, hushed into pastoral silence), that, though the early part of the century was stirring with the clang of legions, few of its rumours seem to have reached the children. They never heard, at the time, of the battle of Waterloo. They grew up together, playing their own games, living their own life. . . . These handsome children had beyond most children that wondrous toy at their command which some people call imagination. The boys played great games, like Arthur's knights; they were champions and warriors defending a stone heap, or again they would set up opposing camps with a king in the midst of each. The king was a willow wand stuck into the ground, with an outer circle of immortals to defend him of firmer, stiffer sticks. Then each party would come with stones, hurling at each other's king, and trying to overthrow him. Perhaps as the day wore on they became romancers, leaving the jousts deserted. When dinner-time came, and they all sat round the table, each in turn put a chapter of his history under the potato-bowl, — long, endless histories, chapter after chapter diffuse, absorbing, unending, as are the stories of real life of which each sunrise opens on a new part; some of these romances were in letters, like 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Alfred used to tell a story which lasted for months, and which was called 'The Old Horse.'

The same writer tells us of the poet's earliest attempts at verse : —

Alfred's first verses, so I once heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into

his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject, — the flowers in the garden, — and when he came back from church little Alfred brought the slate to his brother, all covered with written lines of blank verse. They were made on the models of Thomson's 'Seasons,' the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to one's self, — the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes, and the young brother scanning the lines. 'Yes, you can write,' said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate.

I have also heard another story of his grandfather, later on, asking him to write an elegy on his grandmother, who had recently died, and when it was written, putting ten shillings into his hands and saying, 'There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last.'

When Alfred was in his earliest teens — long before the production of the 'Poems by Two Brothers' — he wrote an epic in three books; it was full of furious battles and descriptions of lake and mountain scenery. He used to compose sixty or seventy lines in a breath, and shout them about the silent fields, leaping over the hedges in his excitement. When they published Shelley's early poems, or on some such occasion, he flung the epic into the fire. His father, who, as already stated, was a poet himself, thought so highly of the original, imaginative, and creative power of the boy that he prophesied he would be the greatest poet of the time.[1]

[1] This I get from the best possible authority, and think it has not been in print before.

William Howitt, in his 'Homes and Haunts of the British Poets,' gives the earliest description of Somersby that I know of, and one of the best: —

The native village of Tennyson is not situated in the fens, but in a pretty, pastoral district of softly sloping hills and large ash-trees; it is not based on bogs, but on a clean sandstone. There is a little glen in the neighbourhood called by the old monkish name of Holywell. Over the gateway leading to it, some bygone squire has put up an inscription, a medley of Virgil and Horace: —

> Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo,
> Et paulum silvæ superest. His utere mecum;

and within, a stream of clear water gushes out of a sandrock, and over it stands an old schoolhouse, almost lost among the trees, and of late years used as a woodhouse, its former distinction only signified by a Scripture text on the walls, — 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' There are also two brooks in this valley which flow into one at the bottom of the glebe-field, and by these the young poet used to wander and meditate. To this scenery we find him turning back in his 'Ode to Memory': —

> Come from the woods that belt the gray hillside,
> The seven elms, the poplars four
> That stand beside my father's door,
> And chiefly from the brook that loves
> To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
> Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
> Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
> In every elbow and turn,
> The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland.
> O, hither lead thy feet!
> Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat

Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

In the churchyard stands a Norman cross, almost single of its kind in England.

The short-lived poplars, after the lapse of three quarters of a century, are no more to be seen, but the 'seven elms' are still standing in the garden behind the house, which is now the property of the lord of the manor, who gave in exchange a house at Bag Enderby, to be used as a rectory.

Some imaginative writers have endeavoured to identify the Somersby brook with the one that sings so charming a song in that fascinating idyl, 'The Brook;' but this cannot fairly be done, though there are points of resemblance between the two streamlets. It is true, as Mr. Church notes, that at Somersby —

there are 'hazel covers' and 'sweet forget-me-nots' and 'many a silvery waterbreak above the golden gravel;' and the rivulet may say, as the 'babbling brook' did to its questioner, —

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

But there are some things in its supposed prototype which manifestly it could not claim. It does not hurry down, for instance, by 'thirty hills,' for it soon makes its way into the low country, nor is there a 'brimming river' for it to join. Finally, it cannot make at least one-half of the boast that it holds —

> Here and there a lusty trout
> And here and there a grayling.

There may be, or anyhow have been, trout in the brook, but scarcely a grayling.

Alfred received his first education from his father and the village schoolmaster, who came up to the rectory to give lessons to him and his brothers. Later he went to the grammar school at Louth, where he remained several years, but, so far as he remembered in later life, learned very little. Tradition says that the head-master, the Rev. J. Waite, like Horace's teacher, Orbilius, 'was *plagosus*, fond of blows.' As Mr. Church remarks, 'there would have been no little difficulty at that time to find a schoolmaster who was anything else.'

From Alfred's return to Somersby in 1820 until he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1828, his father was his instructor : —

Much of course was self-acquired, for he was always a great reader. At the same time it is probable that the recollections of his boyhood and early youth, as they have been given to curious inquirers by old inhabitants, have received some colour from what they had heard of his after career. The picture of the shy student, wander-

ing about, book in hand or wrapped in some deep reverie, does not agree with the poet's own recollections of his life at Somersby. One of his most vivid recollections is of how he and his elder brother Charles were wont to defend one of the bridges over the Somersby brook against superior numbers of the village boys. Against three or four or even five they could hold their own, but on one occasion, when the attacking force doubled this last number, they were obliged, he remembers, to retreat.[1]

The Somersby church is a small edifice in the Early Perpendicular style, with 'a very squat tower, a nave with a north aisle, and a chancel.' It is built of sandstone, but has been much repaired with brick. The interior has been 'restored' since Dr. Tennyson's time, giving it a modern look which is not in keeping with the picturesque old exterior. To the west of the tower is a flat stone, enclosed with high railings, and bearing the following inscription: —

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REVEREND
GEORGE CLAYTON TENNYSON,
LL. D.,
ELDEST SON OF GEORGE TENNYSON, ESQ.,
OF BAYONS MANOR,
AND RECTOR OF THIS PARISH
OF BAG ENDERBY AND BENNIWORTH
AND VICAR OF GREAT GRIMSBY
IN THIS COUNTY.
HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE
ON THE 16TH DAY OF MARCH, 1831
AGED FIFTY-TWO YEARS.

[1] Church.

In the spring of 1827, a volume entitled 'Poems by Two Brothers' was published by Mr. J. Jackson, a bookseller at Louth, who engaged to pay ten pounds for the copyright, and actually paid twenty. The two brothers were Charles and Alfred Tennyson. They intended at first to affix their initials to the pieces of which they were respectively the authors, but subsequently decided to let the book appear anonymously. The titlepage bears the motto, 'Hæc nos novimus esse nihil,' from Martial; and the preface (which Mr. Wace strangely calls 'somewhat lengthy') is as follows: —

> The following poems were written from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, not conjointly, but individually; which may account for their difference of style and matter. To light upon any novel combination of images or to open any vein of sparkling thought untouched before, were no easy task: indeed, the remark itself is as old as the truth is clear; and, no doubt, if submitted to the microscopic eye of periodical criticism, a long list of inaccuracies and imitations would result from the investigation. But so it is: we have passed the Rubicon, and we leave the rest to fate, though its edict may create a fruitless regret that we ever emerged from 'the shade,' and courted notoriety.
>
> *March*, 1827.

A poetical prelude follows, ending thus: —

> Such are the sweets of song — and in this age,
> Perchance too many in its lists engage:
> And they who now would fain awake the lyre,
> May swell this supernumerary choir:

Somersby House, Lincolnshire.

Photogravure from photograph

But ye, who deign to read, forget t' apply
The searching microscope of scrutiny:
Few from too near inspection fail to lose,
Distance on all a mellowing haze bestows;
And who is not indebted to that aid
Which throws his failures into welcome shade?

There are one hundred and two poems in the two hundred and twenty-eight pages of the book; and the subjects are drawn from all ages and all lands, as a few of the titles may serve to show: 'Antony to Cleopatra;' 'The Gondola;' 'Written by an Exile of Bassorah, sailing down the Euphrates;' 'Persia;' 'Egypt;' 'The Druid's Prophecies;' 'Swiss Song;' 'The Expedition of Nadir Shah into Hindostan;' 'Greece;' 'The Maid of Savoy;' 'Scotch Song;' 'God's Denunciations against Pharaoh-Hophra;' 'The Death of Lord Byron;' 'The Fall of Jerusalem;' 'Eulogium on Homer;' 'The Scenery of South America;' 'Babylon;' 'Phrenology;' 'Exhortation to the Greeks;' 'King Charles's Vision;' etc. They are often introduced by quotations; among others, from Addison, Byron, Cicero, Claudian, Gray, Horace, Hume, Lucretius, Milton, Moore, Ovid, Racine, Rousseau, Sallust, Scott, Tacitus, Terence, and Virgil. There are also frequent foot-notes, which are more learned than we should expect from boys of seventeen or eighteen, and yet without the affectation of scholarship that we might expect in connection with such a juvenile display of erudition.

The present Lord Tennyson has done well, I think, in consenting to a reprint of these poems since his father's death. They have an historical interest, and are worthy of preservation for their own sake. Besides, they have been reprinted several times in this country without authority, and with some inaccuracies; so that a careful reproduction of the excessively rare volume was desirable on this account if on no other.

In text and arrangement of pages the reprint is a facsimile of the 1827 edition. The poems are, however, signed with the initials of the authors, on the authority of Frederick Tennyson, who, as we now learn, himself contributed four pieces to the collection. Of the authorship of these, of course, he can speak positively, but he states that he 'cannot be sure of the others.' Four poems are appended which were in the original manuscript of 1827, but were omitted 'for some forgotten reason' when it was printed. The prize poem of 'Timbuctoo' is also included in this reprint.

We can trace in many of the poems the influence of Byron, who is quoted six times, and whose recent death is the subject of one poem and is referred to in another. Mrs. Ritchie tells how the news of Byron's death affected Alfred at fifteen: — '"Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end," he once said, speaking of those bygone days;

"I thought everything was over and finished for every one, — that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone." '

Critics have often exercised their ingenuity in attempts to pick out Alfred's work from the contents of this anonymous volume; and it now appears that they have generally been right in regard to the ten or more poems they have assigned to him. Some of these have been recognised by verbal resemblances between the juvenile verses and the acknowledged productions of the Laureate. To give an illustration, these lines in 'The Valley of Bones,'

> At times her partial splendour shines
> Upon the grove of deep-black pines,

remind one of 'The Two Voices': —

> Sometimes a little corner shines
> As over rainy mist inclines
> A gleaming crag with belts of pines.

Aside from this parallel, I should have no hesitation in ascribing 'The Valley of Bones' to Alfred, for it is one of the best things in the book. His poems average decidedly better than Charles's, especially in ease and grace of versification, in descriptions of nature, and in sustained imaginative power. As a rule, the longer poems are his, though the longest, 'The Oak of the North,' which I have always sup-

posed to be his — for it could not be Charles's — proves now to be Frederick's. Charles has a certain facility in versifying, though looser in rhyming than Alfred — for instance, admitting such combinations as *form, charm; lid, beside; zeal, real; morn, lawn*, etc. Alfred's rhymes are generally faultless, the only very bad one that I note being *dwelling, Ellen*, in a short piece which, if it were not signed 'A. T.,' I should unhesitatingly assign to Charles. It may be his, for I suspect in several instances that Frederick has made mistakes in the signatures. He appends a (?) to some poems concerning which I should have no doubt. The lines on page 164, 'Ah! yes, the lip may faintly smile,' marked 'A. T. (?),' are almost certainly Charles's; and the same may be said of those on page 178, 'How gaily sinks the gorgeous sun,' similarly marked. 'The Dying Christian' (page 175), signed 'A. T. or C. T.,' unquestionably belongs to the latter. This is clear from internal evidence; and it is confirmed by the fact that nearly all the other poems which have a religious turn (pages 18, 88, 98, 118, 152, 172, etc.) are ascribed to Charles. 'The Deity' (page 109), also signed 'A. T. or C. T.,' belongs in this class, and must be Charles's. All these poems may be comprehensively described as 'poor and pious.' 'Remorse' (p. 20), the only piece in this vein which is unmistakably Alfred's, reminds me much of the 'Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive

Mind,' published in his 1830 volume, but suppressed until within a few years.

To illustrate the treatment of nature by the brothers, take first this from Charles's description of a thunder-storm (page 122) : —

> The storm is brooding ! — I would see it pass,
> Observe its tenor, and its progress trace.
> How dark and dun the gathering clouds appear,
> Their rolling thunders seem to rend the ear !
> But faint at first, they slowly, sternly rise,
> From mutt'rings low to peals which rock the skies,
> As if at first their fury they forbore,
> And nursed their terrors for a closing roar.
> And hark ! they rise into a loftier sound,
> Creation's trembling objects quake around;
> In silent awe the subject nations hear
> Th' appalling crash of elemental war;
> The lightning, too, each eye in dimness shrouds,
> The fiery progeny of clashing clouds,
> That carries death upon its blazing wing,
> And the keen tortures of th' electric sting;
> Not like the harmless flash on summer's eve
> (When no rude blasts their silent slumbers leave),
> Which, like a radiant vision to the eye,
> Expands serenely in the placid sky;
> It rushes fleeter than the swiftest wind,
> And bids attendant thunders wait behind :
> Quick — forked — livid, thro' the air it flies,
> A moment blazes — dazzles — bursts — and dies :
> Another, and another yet, and still
> To each replies its own allotted peal.

These are good schoolboy verses; but are not these,

from a poem of Alfred's, entitled 'Midnight' (page 86), in a somewhat higher strain? —

'T is midnight o'er the dim mere's lonely bosom,
Dark, dusky, windy midnight: swift are driven
The swelling vapours onward: every blossom
Bathes its bright petals in the tears of heaven.
Imperfect, half-seen objects meet the sight,
The other half our fancy must portray;
A wan, dull, lengthen'd sheet of swimming light
Lies the broad lake: the moon conceals her ray,
Sketch'd faintly by a pale and lurid gleam
Shot thro' the glimmering clouds: the lovely planet
Is shrouded in obscurity; the scream
Of owl is silenced; and the rocks of granite
Rise tall and drearily, while damp and dank
Hang the thick willows on the reedy bank.
Beneath, the gurgling eddies slowly creep,
Blacken'd by foliage; and the glutting wave,
That saps eternally the cold gray steep,
Sounds heavily within the hollow cave.

It is weak in spots — the 'dark, dusky,' etc. — but, for all that, it has more of promise in it than the other.

There is great variety of metre and stanza in the poems, but Alfred never writes in the rhymed heroics that Charles affects in the above quotation and several other pieces. Two of these — 'Sunday Mobs' and 'Phrenology' (pages 197, 200) — are in a humorous vein, which we should hardly have looked for in the soberer brother. The wit, however, is rather laboured, as this from 'Sunday Mobs' may illustrate: —

Tho' we at times amid the mob may find
A beauteous face, with many a charm combined;
Yet still it wants the signature of mind.
On such a face no fine expression dwells,
That eye no inborn dignity reveals;
Tho' bright its jetty orb, as all may see,
The glance is vacant — has no charms for me.
When Sunday's sun is sinking in the west,
Our streets all swarm with numbers gaily drest;
Prankt out in ribbands, and in silks array'd,
To catch the eyes of passing sons of trade.
Then giggling milliners swim pertly by,
Obliquely glancing with a roguish eye;
With short and airy gait they trip along,
And vulgar volubility of tongue;
Their minds well pictured in their every tread,
And that slight backward tossing of the head:
But no idea, 'faith, that harbours there,
Is independent of a stomacher.
Their metaphors from gowns and caps are sought,
And stays incorporate with every thought.

In 'Phrenology' we have the allusion to the death of Byron mentioned above: —

E'en now, when Harold's minstrel left the scene,
Where such a brilliant meteor he had been,
Thus with the same officiousness of pains,
Gazettes announc'd the volume of his brains.

The poem 'On the Death of Lord Byron,' also credited to Charles, is one of his best, though by no means up to the average of Alfred, to whom the critics have generally ascribed it: —

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Unus tanta dedit ? — dedit et majora daturus
Ni celeri letho corriperetur, erat.

DON MANUEL DE SOUZA COUTINO'S
Epitaph on Camoëns.

The hero and the bard is gone !
His bright career on earth is done,
Where with a comet's blaze he shone.

He died — where vengeance arms the brave,
Where buried freedom quits her grave,
In regions of the eastern wave.

Yet not before his ardent lay
Had bid them chase all fear away,
And taught their trumps a bolder bray.

Thro' him their ancient valour glows,
And, stung by thraldom's scathing woes,
They rise again, as once they rose.

As once in conscious glory bold,
To war their sounding cars they roll'd,
Uncrush'd, untrampled, uncontroll'd !

Each drop that gushes from their side
Will serve to swell the crimson tide,
That soon shall whelm the Moslem's pride !

At last upon their lords they turn,
At last the shame of bondage learn,
At last they feel their fetters burn !

Oh ! how the heart expands to see
An injured people all agree
To burst those fetters and be free !

Each far-famed mount that cleaves the skies,
Each plain where buried glory lies,
All, all exclaim — 'Awake! arise!'

Who would not feel their wrongs? and who
Departed freedom would not rue,
With all her trophies in his view?

To see imperial Athens reign,
And, towering o'er the vassal main,
Rise in embattled strength again —

To see rough Sparta train once more
Her infants' ears for battle's roar,
Stern, dreadful, chainless, as before —

Was Byron's hope — was Byron's aim:
With ready heart and hand he came,
But perish'd in that path of fame!

The following 'On a Dead Enemy' (page 160), which I have always assumed to be Alfred's and now find with the 'A. T.' appended, is a remarkable production for a boy of seventeen or less: —

I came in haste with cursing breath,
  And heat of hardest steel;
But when I saw thee cold in death
  I felt as man should feel.

For when I look upon that face,
  That cold, unheeding, frigid brow,
Where neither rage nor fear has place,
  By Heaven! I cannot hate thee now!

The poem on 'Egypt' is said to have been 'begun by C. T. and finished by A. T.' It is easy to see that the first three stanzas, beginning

> The sombre pencil of the dim-gray dawn
> Draws a faint sketch of Egypt to mine eye,
> As yet uncolour'd by the brilliant morn,
> And her gay orb careering up the sky,

are Charles's, while the other four are Alfred's, beginning thus: —

> But the first glitter of his rising beam
> Falls on *the broad-based pyramids sublime*,
> As proud to show us with his earliest gleam
> Those vast and hoary enemies of time.

'Antony to Cleopatra,' by Alfred and one of the best things in the volume, is well worth reproducing here, that the reader may compare it with the Cleopatra stanzas in 'A Dream of Fair Women': —

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

O Cleopatra! fare thee well,
We two can meet no more;
This breaking heart alone can tell
The love to thee I bore.
But wear not thou the conqueror's chain
Upon thy race and thee;
And tho' we ne'er can meet again,
Yet still be true to me:
For I for thee have lost a throne,
To wear the crown of love alone.

Fair daughter of a regal line!
To thraldom bow not tame;
My every wish on earth was thine,
My every hope the same.
And I have moved within thy sphere,
And lived within thy light;
And oh! thou wert to me so dear,
I breathed but in thy sight!
A subject world I lost for thee,
For thou wert all my world to me!

Then, when the shriekings of the dying
Were heard along the wave,
Soul of my soul! I saw thee flying;
I follow'd thee, to save.
The thunder of the brazen prows
O'er Actium's ocean rung;
Fame's garland faded from my brows,
Her wreath away I flung.
I sought, I saw, I heard but thee;
For what to love was victory?

Thine on the earth, and on the throne,
And in the grave, am I;
And, dying, still I am thine own,
Thy bleeding Antony.
How shall my spirit joy to hear
That thou art ever true!
Nay — weep not — dry that burning tear,
That bathes thine eyes' dark hue.
Shades of my fathers! lo! I come;
I hear your voices from the tomb!

'The Old Sword,' which was generally ascribed to Alfred before it was known to be his, is another good specimen of his juvenile work: —

THE OLD SWORD.

Old Sword! tho' dim and rusted
Be now thy sheeny blade,
Thy glitt'ring edge incrusted
With cankers Time hath made;
Yet once around thee swell'd the cry
Of triumph's fierce delight,
The shoutings of the victory,
The thunders of the fight!

Tho' age hath past upon thee
With still corroding breath,
Yet once stream'd redly on thee
The purpling tide of death:
What time amid the war of foes
The dastard's cheek grew pale,
As thro' the feudal field arose
The ringing of the mail.

Old Sword! what arm hath wielded
Thy richly gleaming brand,
Mid lordly forms who shielded
The maidens of their land?
And who hath clov'n his foes in wrath
With thy puissant fire,
And scatter'd in his perilous path
The victims of his ire?

Old Sword! whose fingers clasp'd thee
Around thy carved hilt?

And with that hand which grasp'd thee
What heroes' blood was spilt;
When fearlessly, with open hearts,
And lance to lance opposed,
Beneath the shade of barbed darts
The dark-eyed warriors closed?

Old Sword! I would not burnish
Thy venerable rust,
Nor sweep away the tarnish
Of darkness and of dust!
Lie there, in slow and still decay,
Unfamed in olden rhyme,
The relic of a former day,
A wreck of ancient time!

Alfred's poem entitled 'Love' contains an allusion, to which there is a parallel in 'The Palace of Art,' but to which none of the commentators have called attention. The passage is as follows: —

Or else, as Indian fables say,
Upon thine emerald lory riding,
Thro' gardens mid the restless play
Of fountains in the moonbeam gliding,
Mid sylph-like shapes of maidens dancing,
Thy scarlet standard high advancing; —

Thy fragrant bow of cane thou bendest,[1]
Twanging the string of honey'd bees,

[1] See Sir William Jones's works, vol. vi., p. 313: —

He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string;
With bees how sweet, but ah! how keen the sting!
He with five flowrets tips thy ruthless darts,
Which thro' five senses pierce enraptured hearts

And thence the flower-tipp'd arrow sendest,
Which gives or robs the heart of ease;
Camdeo, or Cupid, oh be near
To listen, and to grant my prayer!

Compare 'The Palace of Art': —

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama[1] slowly sail'd
A summer fann'd with spice.

These opening lines of 'The Dell of E——' remind me of the beginning of 'Œnone,' though they are not among the 'parallelisms' cited by former editors: —

There was a long, low, rushy dell, emboss'd
With knolls of grass and clumps of copsewood green;
Midway a wandering burn the valley cross'd,
And streak'd with silvery line the woodland scene;
High hills on either side to heaven upsprung,
Y-clad with groves of undulating pine,
Upon whose heads the hoary vapours hung,
And far — far off the heights were seen to shine
In clear relief against the sapphire sky,
And many a blue stream wander'd thro' the shade

[1] Cama or Camdeo is the Hindoo god of love, sometimes represented as riding by night on a parrot, or lory. Compare Sir William Jones's Hymn to Camdeo: —

O thou for ages born, yet ever young,
For ages may thy Brahmin's lay be sung!
And when thy lory spreads his emerald wings
To waft thee high above the towers of kings,
Whilst o'er thy throne the moon's pale light
Pours her soft radiance thro' the night, etc. — Ed.

Of those dark groves that clomb the mountains high,
And glistening 'neath each lone entangled glade,
At length with brawling accent loudly fell
Within the limpid brook that wound along the dell.

Certain critics have compared these juvenile poems to the first efforts of Byron, and those by Charles are possibly not above the average quality of the 'Hours of Idleness;' but the majority of those which we can now confidently ascribe to Alfred seem to me immeasurably superior to the best things in that book, published when the author was nineteen. There is scarcely a stanza in the latter which gives any indication of budding genius, while not a few of the boyish poems of Alfred Tennyson really show the 'promise and potency' of greater work to come.

The only contemporary criticism of the 'Poems by Two Brothers' which the commentators have unearthed is in 'The Literary Chronicle' of May 19, 1827. The reviewer says: 'This little volume exhibits a pleasing union of kindred tastes, and contains several little pieces of considerable merit.' Two of the poems are given in full as samples of the whole — the stanzas beginning 'Yon star of eve, so soft and clear,' by Charles and not one of his best, but perhaps taken because it is the first piece in the book; and 'God's Denunciations against Pharaoh-Hophra,' which is only an average specimen of Alfred's contributions to the volume.

The four 'Additional Poems' in the reprint, omitted in the 1827 edition, are all ascribed to 'A. T.,' but I suspect that the second, 'The Dying Man to his Friend,' belongs to Charles. It is inferior to the others, and has the pious turn to which I have referred as characteristic of many pieces assigned to him. The last stanza is as follows: —

> Other worlds are opening on me,
> Now my course on earth is done;
> Holy Jesus! look upon me,
> Holy Father, take Thy son.

The whole poem is equally commonplace, and I find nothing clearly belonging to Alfred which is so poor throughout. The third of the appended poems, 'Unhappy man, why wander there?' though somewhat better than the second, may also be Charles's; but the fourth, the spirited lines 'Written during the Convulsions in Spain,' is correctly signed 'A. T.'

In October, 1828, Alfred went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, were already residing. He remained through the academic year, 1829–30, and for the first term of the next, leaving college in the latter part of February, 1831. 'This premature departure from the university, which, it will be seen, he left without graduating, was due to his father's death.'

The tutor to whom Alfred was assigned, according

to the custom of the college, was William Whewell, then recently elected Professor of Mineralogy, and afterwards Master of the College. Mrs. Ritchie says of him and his students at this time : —

Whewell ruled a noble generation, — a race of men born in the beginning of the century, whose praise and loyal friendship were indeed worth having, and whose good opinion Tennyson himself may have been proud to possess. Wise, sincere, and witty, these contemporaries of his spoke with authority, with the modesty of conscious strength. Those of this race whom I have known in later days — for they were many of them my father's friends also — have all been men of unmistakable stamp, of great culture, of a certain dignified bearing, and of independence of mind and of character.

Most of them have succeeded in life as men do who are possessed of intellect and high character. Some have not made the less mark upon their time because their names are less widely known; but each name is a memorable chapter in life to one and another of us who have known them from our youth. One of those old friends, who also loved my father, and whom he loved, who has himself just passed away, one who saw life with his own eyes, described Alfred in his youth, in a pamphlet or book which has been privately printed, and which is a remembrance, a sort of waking dream, of some bygone days and talks. How many of us might have been glad to listen to our poet, and to the poet who has made the philosophy of Omar Khâyām known to the world, as they discoursed together; of life, of boyish memories, of books, and again more books, of chivalry, — mainly but another name for youth, — of a possible old age, so thoroughly seasoned with its spirit that all the experience of the world should serve not to freeze but to direct the genial current of the

soul! and who that has known them both will not recognise the truth of this description of Alfred in those early days? —

A man at all points, of grand proportion and feature, significant of that inward chivalry becoming his ancient and honourable race; when himself a 'Yonge Squire,' like him in Chaucer, 'of grete strength,' that could hurl the crowbar farther than any of the neighbouring clowns, whose humours, as well as of their betters, — knight, squire, landlord, and lieutenant, — he took quiet note of, like Chaucer himself; like Wordsworth on the mountain, he too when a lad abroad on the world, sometimes of a night with the shepherd, watching not only the flock on the greensward, but also

> the fleecy star that bears
> Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,

along with those other Zodiacal constellations which Aries, I think, leads over the field of heaven.

Arthur Hallam has also written of him, in some lines to R. J. Tennant, as

> a friend, a rare one,
> A noble being full of clearest insight,
> . . . whose fame
> Is couching now with pantherised intent,
> As who shall say, I 'll spring to him anon,
> And have him for my own.

All these men could understand each other, although they had not then told the world their secrets. Poets, critics, men of learning — such names as Trench and Monckton Milnes, George Stovin Venables, the Lushingtons and Kinglake, need no comment; many more there are, and deans and canons, — a band of youthful friends in those days meeting to hold debate

> on mind and art,
> And labour and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he,
Would cleave the mark.

The lines to J. S. were written to one of these earlier associates: —

And gently comes the world to those
That are cast in gentle mould.

It was the prophecy of a whole lifetime. There were but few signs of age in James Spedding's looks, none in his charming companionship, when the accident befell him which took him away from those who loved him. To another old companion, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, is dedicated that sonnet which flows like an echo of Cambridge chimes on a Sabbath morning. It is in this sonnet that Tennyson speaks of Arthur Hallam as 'him the lost light of those dawn-golden times.'

Brookfield was for many years a preacher in London, but later went to a country parish in Lincolnshire. During his Cambridge life, he was noted for his humour and his power of mimicry. Dr. Whewell wrote long afterwards: —

At my age it is not likely that I shall ever again see a whole party lying on the floor for purposes of unrestrained laughter, while one of their number is pouring forth, with a perfectly grave face, a succession of imaginary dialogues between characters real or fictitious, one exceeding another in humour or drollery. Brookfield almost lived with Arthur Hallam and the Tennysons, and, of course, with those who could afford time for their *noctes cœnæque*.

Arthur Hallam, to whom this last sentence alludes, was the most intimate of Tennyson's friends at Cambridge. He was two years younger than Alfred, but entered the university in the same year. He died at the early age of twenty-three, and 'In Memoriam' is the noble monument the poet has reared to his memory.[1] In the preface to a little volume of his collected poems and essays, published after his death, his father, the eminent historian, says of him: —

> From the earlier years of this extraordinary young man, his premature abilities are not more conspicuous than an almost faultless disposition sustained by a more calm self-command than has often been witnessed in this season of life. The sweetness of temper which distinguished his childhood became with the advance of manhood a habitual benevolence, and ultimately ripened into that exalted principle of benevolence towards God and man which animated and almost absorbed his soul during the latter period of his life. . . . He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world; and in bowing to the mysterious Will which has in mercy removed him, perfected by so short a trial, and passing over the bridge which separates the seen from the unseen life in a moment, and as we may believe without a moment's pang, we must feel not only the bereavement of them to whom he was dear, but the loss which mankind have sustained by the withdrawing of such a light.

Rev. Henry Alford, the late Dean of Canterbury, an intimate friend, thus addresses him in 'The School of the Heart': —

[1] In the notes to that poem in the present edition I shall have occasion to refer to him more at length.

Gentle soul
That ever moved among us in a veil
Of heavenly lustre; in whose presence thoughts
Of common import shone with light divine,
Whence we drew sweetness as from out a well
Of honey pure and deep, thine early form
Was not the investiture of daily men,
But thou didst wear a glory in thy look
From inward converse with the spirit of love;
And thou hadst won in the first strife of youth
Trophies that gladden'd hope, and pointed on
To days when we should stand and minister
To the full triumphs of thy gather'd strength.

Mr. W. E. Gladstone says: —

The memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, who died suddenly in 1833, at the age of twenty-two, will doubtless live chiefly in connection with this volume ['In Memoriam']. But he is well known to have been one who, if the term of his days had been prolonged, would have needed no aid from a friendly hand, would have built his own enduring monument, and would have bequeathed to his country a name in all likelihood greater than that of his very distinguished father. The writer of this paper was more than half a century ago in a condition to say, —

I mark'd him
As a far Alp; and loved to watch the sunrise
Dawn on his ample brow.

There perhaps was no one among those who were blessed with his friendship — nay, as we see, not even Mr. Tennyson — who did not feel at once bound closely to him by commanding affection, and left far behind by the rapid growth and rich development of his ever-searching mind; by his

All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect.

It would be easy to show what, in the varied forms of human excellence, he might, had life been granted him, have accomplished; much more difficult to point the finger and to say, 'This he never could have done.' Enough remains from among his early efforts to accredit whatever mournful witness may now be borne of him. But what can be a nobler tribute than this, that for seventeen years after his death, a poet, fast rising towards the lofty summit of his art, found that young fading image the richest source of his inspiration, and of thoughts that gave him buoyancy for a flight such as he had not hitherto attained?

Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), in a small volume of poems published a few months after Arthur Hallam's death, has a dedication to Henry Hallam, in which he pays the following tribute to Arthur's memory: —

If I have ever entertained pleasurable anticipations connected with the publication of any production of my mind, they have owed not a little to the thought that I should thus be enabled to give, in my humble way, an open testimony to the affectionate admiration with which I regarded one whom I loved with the truth of early friendship, and you with a parent's passion. It has pleased that high Will to which we must submit everything, even our loves, to take him away, in whom the world has lost so much, and they who knew him so much more. We are deprived not only of a beloved friend, of a delightful companion, but of a most wise and influential counsellor in all the serious concerns of existence, of an incomparable critic in all our literary efforts, and of the example of one who was as much before us in everything else as he is now in the way of life.

I hold his kind words and earnest admonitions in the best part of my heart, I have his noble and tender letters by my side, and I feel secure from any charge of presumption in thus addressing you under the shield of his sacred memory.

A lady, speaking of young Hallam after his death, said to Tennyson, 'I think he was perfect.' 'And so he was,' the poet replied, 'as near perfection as a mortal man can be.'

In the summer of 1829 Tennyson gained the Chancellor's gold medal at Cambridge for a poem on Timbuctoo. His friend Hallam was also a competitor for the prize. Mr. Church says: —

The poet tells a curious story of the way in which this English verse prize came to be won. His father imagined, not, it may be, wholly without reason, that his son was doing very little at the university, and knowing that he had a certain gift for writing verse, told him that he ought to compete for the Chancellor's medal. Alfred Tennyson had composed, two years before, a poem on 'The Battle of Armageddon.' This he took, furnished it with a new beginning and a new end, and sent it in for the theme of 'Timbuctoo.'

The same writer gives the following sketch of the poem: —

The central idea may be said to be the relation of Fable and Truth. The poet, standing on

> the mountain which o'erlooks
> The narrow sea whose rapid interval
> Parts Afric from green Europe,

muses on the great legends of the past, such as were those that had pictured Atlantis and 'Imperial Eldorado roof'd with gold,' and asks, —

> Wide Afric, doth thy Sun
> Lighten, thy hills enfold, a city as fair
> As those which starr'd the night o' the elder world?

He is answered by a Spirit who opens the eyes of his soul till

> each failing sense,
> As with a momentary flash of light,
> Grew thrillingly distinct and keen.

'I saw,' he goes on,

> The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth,
> The indistinctest atom in deep air,
> The moon's white cities, and the opal width
> Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
> Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,
> And the unsounded, undescended depth
> Of her black billows.

Among the glories thus revealed to him is the sight of the great African city: —

> Then first within the South methought I saw
> A wilderness of spires, and crystal pile
> Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,
> Illimitable range of battlement
> On battlement, and the Imperial height
> Of canopy o'ercanopied.

Finally the spirit explains the secret of his being: —

> I am the Spirit,
> The permeating life which courseth through
> All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins
> Of the great vine of Fable, which, outspread
> With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,

Reacheth to every corner under heaven,
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth.

But the time was near when this the Spirit's latest throne would have to be yielded up to 'keen Discovery':

Soon yon brilliant towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
Darken and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-wall'd, barbarian settlements.

It was the first time the prize had been awarded to a poem in blank verse, all precedents requiring that it should be in the orthodox heroic couplet. 'Against blank verse, in particular, so easy to write badly, so difficult to write well, there was a strong and not ill-founded prejudice; and it says much for the vigour and originality of the poem, and, it is only fair to add, for the liberal and open-minded temper of the examiners, that the metre was not considered a disqualification.'

'Timbuctoo' was noticed in the 'Athenæum' by John Sterling, who said of it: —

We have accustomed ourselves to think, perhaps without any very good reason, that poetry was likely to perish among us for a very considerable period after the great generation of poets which is now passing away. The age seems determined to contradict us, and that in the most decided manner, for it has put forth poetry by a young man, and that where we should least expect it — in a prize poem. These productions have often been ingenious and elegant, but we have never before seen one which indicated

really first-rate poetic genius, and which would have done honour to any man that ever wrote. Such we do not hesitate to affirm is the little work before us, and the examiners seem to have felt about it like ourselves, for they have assigned the prize to its author, although the measure in which he writes was never before (we believe) thus selected for honour.

The reviewer goes on to quote some forty lines of the poem, and adds: 'How many men have lived for a century that could equal that?' This is high praise, and possibly may be deemed extravagant; but the writer was acquainted with Tennyson and knew something of his brilliant promise aside from what was shown in this poem.

In 1830 the first book of poems to which Alfred Tennyson put his name appeared, with the title 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical.' It was a volume of one hundred and fifty-four pages, and contained fifty-six pieces. Thirty-two[1] of these were suppressed in 1842, but nine of them have been restored at intervals in more recent editions. These are 'The Deserted

[1] The number is given as twenty-seven by Church and other authorities, who are misled partly by the fact that in the book four of the rejected pieces are grouped under the one head of 'Sonnets,' and partly because several pieces, omitted in 1842, were restored so soon afterwards that their brief suppression was overlooked. I may add that others have been restored in editions printed very recently. The 'National Song' did not reappear until its introduction with a new 'chorus' in 'The Foresters' (1892).

House,' 'Nothing will Die,' 'All Things will Die,' 'Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind,' 'Elegiacs' (now entitled 'Leonine Elegiacs'), 'We are Free' (now 'A Song,' beginning, 'The winds as at their hour of birth'), 'The Sea-Fairies,' 'The Kraken,' and 'National Song.'[1]

Among the contents of this volume were 'Mariana,' 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' 'Ode to Memory,' and 'The Poet.' This last-named poem is especially noteworthy as indicating the high ideal of the poet's art and vocation with which the young singer started on his career. The poet, as he describes him, is no mere minstrel, playing and singing to amuse the crowd, but a power in the world — seer, prophet, teacher, inspirer, ruler, king — by a divine right higher than any hereditary monarch can boast from the accident of birth.

In January, 1831, a notice of the book[2] appeared in the 'Westminster Review.' The concluding sentences read now like a prophecy fulfilled. After

[1] Among the pieces suppressed and never restored was 'Hero to Leander,' which is one of the twenty-two poems or parts of poems from Tennyson included by R. W. Emerson in his 'Parnassus,' published in 1875.

[2] According to Mr. Church, this notice was written by John Stuart Mill; but it is probable that he confounded it with the one from Mill's pen in the 'Westminster' for July, 1835. Lord Tennyson had the impression that it was written by Sir John Bowring.

quoting from the piece just mentioned ('The Poet'), the writer says of the author: —

> He has shown, in the lines from which we quote, his own just conception of the grandeur of a poet's destiny; and we look to him for its fulfilment. It is not for such men to sink into mere verse-makers for the amusement of themselves or others. They can influence the associations of unnumbered minds; they can command the sympathies of unnumbered hearts; they can disseminate principles; they can give those principles power over men's imaginations; they can excite in a good cause the sustained enthusiasm that is sure to conquer; they can blast the laurels of the tyrants, and hallow the memories of the martyrs of patriotism; they can act with a force, the extent of which it is difficult to estimate, upon national feelings and character, and consequently upon national happiness. If our estimate of Mr. Tennyson is correct, he too is a poet; and many years hence may he[1] read his juvenile description of that character with the proud consciousness that it has become the description and history of his own work.

More than sixty years have passed since these eloquent and prophetic words were penned; and there could not be a more truthful description and history of Tennyson's work than those inspired strains of his

[1] In the 'Westminster,' as in all quotations of the passage that I have seen, 'he' is misprinted 'be,' — at least I have no doubt that the author wrote 'he.'

[Since writing this note I see that Mr. Waugh, in his 'Alfred Lord Tennyson' (1892), has made the same correction. I made it first in my 'Young People's Tennyson' (1886), p. 90.]

youth. The estimate of the critic was correct. The young singer *was* a poet, and he proved himself such a poet as he saw in that immortal vision. It was a lofty and noble ideal, but he made it a living reality.

Charles Tennyson's first volume, 'Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces,' appeared almost simultaneously with the 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical;' and the two books were reviewed at considerable length in 'The Tatler,' by Leigh Hunt, who praised the work of both brothers, but gave the pre-eminence to Alfred.

A few months later, a review of Alfred's book appeared in 'The Englishman's Magazine,' from the pen of Arthur Hallam. It is highly eulogistic, but critical withal. Tennyson is declared to be a true poet: 'His ear has a fairy fineness; there is a strange earnestness in his worship of beauty, which throws a charm over his impassioned song more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it.' Five distinctive merits of the poet's manner are noted: '*first*, his luxuriance of imagination, and, at the same time, his control over it; *second*, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters; *third*, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects, and the peculiar skill with which he holds all of them fused in a medium of strong emotion; *fourth*, the variety of his lyrical measures and exquisite modulation of words and cadences to the swell

and fall of the feelings expressed; and *fifth*, the elevated habits of thought implied in these compositions, and imparting a mellow soberness of tone, more impressive than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse, and sought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart.'

In May, 1832, 'Christopher North' (Prof. John Wilson) reviewed the young poet's work in 'Blackwood' in a very different vein, praising it in some respects, but showing up its faults and defects with merciless severity. It must be admitted that there was justice in many of the strictures, and they may have had their influence in leading Tennyson to suppress some pieces in later editions, the passages held up to ridicule by the reviewer being mostly from these discarded poems. Wilson did not spare the critics who had already passed judgment upon Tennyson. The writer in the 'Westminster' is called 'a crazy charlatan;' and Hallam's essay is declared to have been the death of the short-lived 'Englishman's Magazine.' The article 'awoke a general guffaw, and it [the magazine] expired in convulsions.'

After ridiculing certain of the poems in detail (of which only 'The Poet's Mind' and 'The Merman' appear in the recent editions) the reviewer selects for praise certain others, among which are the 'Ode to Memory,' 'The Deserted House,' 'Isabel,' 'Mariana,'

Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

Photogravure from photograph.

'Adeline,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,'[1] and 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights.'

That Tennyson was nettled by the criticism is evident from the little rhymed retort which he inserted in his next volume, but never afterwards reprinted:

You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame and praise,
Rusty Christopher.
When I learnt from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher;
I could *not* forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.

In the same year (1830) Tennyson contributed three poems to 'The Gem,' an 'annual' for 1831. The first is a bit of seven lines, interesting as perhaps containing the germ of the exquisite song, 'The Days that are No More' in 'The Princess':—

NO MORE.

Oh sad *No More!* Oh sweet *No More!*
Oh strange *No More!*
By a moss'd brook-bank on a stone
I smelt a wildwood flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gush'd out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Low-buried fathom deep with thee, No More!

[1] Only the portion of 'The Day-Dream' bearing this title appeared in 1830, the rest having been added in 1842.

The second is twelve lines long and entitled 'Anacreontics.' These trifles in rhyme were evidently written to order, and the author did not think them worth reprinting in any of his volumes. The third piece, which he also discarded, is somewhat longer and in blank verse, with the title, 'A Fragment.' A passage from it has been quoted above (page 18).

In the same number of 'The Englishman's Magazine' (August, 1831) which contained Arthur Hallam's review of the 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical,' there is a sonnet by Tennyson, beginning, —

> Check every outflash, every ruder sally
> Of thought and speech; speak low, and give up wholly
> Thy spirit to mild-minded Melancholy.

This is also among the rejected poems, but the latter part of these opening lines reappears in 'The Lotos-Eaters': —

> To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
> To the influence of mild-minded Melancholy.

Another sonnet, beginning 'There are three things which fill my heart with sighs,' appeared in 'The Yorkshire Literary Annual' for 1832.

A third, contributed to 'Friendship's Offering' for the same year, has been reprinted since the poet's death, by permission of his son, with a few slight alterations which appear to have been made by the author in a copy given to a friend: —

> Me mine own fate to lasting sorrow doometh,
> Thy woes are birds of passage, transitory:

Thy spirit, circled with a living glory,
In summer still a summer joy resumeth.
Alone my hopeless melancholy gloometh,
Like a lone cypress, through the twilight hoary,
In some old garden where no flower bloometh, —
One cypress on an island promontory.
And yet my lonely spirit follows thine,
As round the rolling earth night follows day;
And yet thy lights on my horizon shine
Into my night, when thou art far away.
I am so dark, alas! and thou so bright,
When we two meet there 's never perfect light.

In the winter of 1832–33 a second volume of 'Poems by Alfred Tennyson' (that was the title) was brought out in London by Edward Moxon, who continued for many years to be the author's publisher. It contained thirty pieces, fourteen of which were discarded in 1842, though the following six have since been restored: 'To ——,' beginning, in its revised form, 'My life is full of weary days' (see notes on that poem); 'Buonaparte;' the sonnet, 'If I were loved as I desire to be;' 'Rosalind,' 'Poland' ('How long, O God,' etc.), and the sonnet, 'As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood.'[1]

This volume was contemptuously reviewed (by the editor, John Gibson Lockhart, it is generally believed)

[1] On the number of suppressed and of subsequently restored poems in this volume, as concerning that of 1830, *all* the authorities are inaccurate. Compare the foot-note on page 36.

in the 'Quarterly' for July, 1833. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, while admitting that there was 'a good deal of beauty' in the book, added: 'The misfortune is that he [Tennyson] has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is.' Mr. Church, quoting this, remarks: 'The fact was that he had had much practice in writing in the accepted metres, and that his father had even advised him not to be so regular in his rhythms.' Later (in 1844) Edgar A. Poe wrote: 'Tennyson's shorter pieces abound in minute rhythmical lapses — sufficient to assure me that, in common with all poets, living and dead, he has neglected to make precise investigation of the principles of metre; but, on the other hand, so perfect is his rhythmical instinct in general that he seems *to see with his ear*.' Poe, like Coleridge, plumed himself upon his mastery of 'the principles of metre,' and was a precisian in their application. Possibly the 'minute lapses' he fancies that he detects in Tennyson's verse were due to the 'rhythmical instinct' which taught that poet how to attain a finer music by occasional variations from the strict letter of the technical law. Edmund Clarence Stedman, poet as well as critic, in his 'Victorian Poets,' commenting on this same volume of 1832 (or of 1833, as it is often called), notes in it 'the command of delicious metres, the rhythmic susurrus of stanzas whose every word is as needful and studied as the flower or scroll of orna-

mental architecture, — yet so much an interlaced portion of the whole that the special device is forgotten in the general excellence.' He adds: 'Even if these lyrics and idyls had expressed nothing, they were of priceless value as guides to the renaissance of beauty. Thenceforward slovenly work was impossible, subject to instant rebuke by contrast. The force of metrical elegance made its way, and carried everything before it.'

Certain poems first printed in 1842 belong to this period in the poet's career. In a note to the first volume of the edition published in that year, we are told that the following, 'with one exception, were written in 1833': 'Lady Clare Vere de Vere;' the 'Conclusion' of 'The May Queen;' 'The Blackbird;' 'You ask me why, though ill at ease;' 'Of old sat Freedom on the heights;' 'Love thou thy land;' and 'The Goose.' 'The Two Voices' is also dated 1833.

'The Lover's Tale' (written in 1828) was printed in 1833, but withdrawn before publication for reasons which the author gives in the preface to the reprint of 1879.

During the next nine years (1833–42) the poet was silent, except for the contribution of 'Saint Agnes' to 'The Keepsake' in 1837, and some 'Stanzas' to 'The Tribute' (a collection of miscellaneous poems by various authors, edited by Lord Northampton) in

the same year. The latter piece, beginning, 'O that 't were possible,' etc., was, eighteen years afterwards, incorporated into 'Maud,' of which work it may be said to have been the germ. Swinburne, in 1876 (in 'The Academy' for January 29), refers to it as 'the poem of deepest charm and fullest delight of pathos and melody ever written by Mr. Tennyson; since recast into new form and refreshed with new beauty to fit it for reappearance among the crowning passages of "Maud."'

This poem is also interesting as having been the subject of the first notice that Tennyson received from the 'Edinburgh Review' (October, 1837). The writer says: —

> We do not profess to understand the somewhat mysterious contribution of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, entitled 'Stanzas;' but amidst some quaintness, and some occasional absurdities of expression, it is not difficult to detect the hand of a true poet — such as the author of 'Mariana' and the lines on the 'Arabian Nights' undoubtedly is — in those stanzas which describe the appearance of a visionary form, by which the writer is supposed to be haunted amidst the streets of a crowded city.

The 'Morte d'Arthur' must also have been written as early as 1837, though not published until 1842; for Walter Savage Landor, writing to a friend on the 9th of December, 1837, says: —

> Yesterday a Mr. Moreton, a young man of rare judgment, read to me a manuscript by Mr. Tennyson very

different in style from his printed poems. It is more Homeric than any poem of our time, and rivals some of the noblest parts of the 'Odyssey.'

According to Mr. Waugh, it must have been about the same time (1837) that 'The Progress of Spring' was written, — 'a poem laid aside and forgotten by the author till it turned up again in 1888, to be printed in the "Demeter" volume in the following year.'

The poet's father had died in 1831, but the family continued to reside at Somersby for several years, passing two Christmas seasons there (see 'In Memoriam,' xxix. and lxxviii.) after the death of Arthur Hallam. For the greater part of the years from 1837 to 1842 Alfred appears to have lived in London. In 1838 he was a member of the Anonymous Club, to which Carlyle, Cunningham, John Stuart Mill, Thackeray, Forster, Sterling, Landor, and Macready belonged.

Mrs. Ritchie, in the article from which I have already quoted, writes: —

It was about this time that Carlyle introduced Sir John Simeon to Tennyson one night at Bath House, and made the often-quoted speech, 'There he sits upon a dungheap surrounded by innumerable dead dogs;' by which dead dogs he meant 'Œnone' and other Greek versions and adaptations. He had said the same thing of Landor and his Hellenics. 'I was told of this,' said Mr. Tennyson, 'and some time afterwards I repeated it to Carlyle: "I 'm told that is what you say of me." He gave a kind of

guffaw. "Eh, that was n't a very luminous description of you," he answered.'

The story is well worth retelling, so completely does it illustrate the grim humour and unaffected candour of a dyspeptic man of genius, who flung words and epithets without malice, who neither realised the pain his chance sallies might give, nor the indelible flash which branded them upon people's memories. . . .

Carlyle and Mr. Fitzgerald used to be often with Tennyson at that time. They used to dine together at the 'Cock' tavern in the Strand among other places; sometimes Tennyson and Carlyle took long solitary walks late into the night.

At length in 1842, after repeated calls for a new edition of the earlier books, which had long been out of print, Tennyson's protracted silence was broken by the publication of two volumes of 'Poems,' the first of which was made up of selections from the volumes of 1830 and 1832, with the pieces mentioned above (page 45) as written in 1833. The second volume contained poems entirely new, with the exception of 'The Day-Dream' (a portion of which appeared in 1830), and 'Saint Agnes,' printed in 1837.

Among these[1] were 'The Epic' ('Morte d'Arthur'), 'Dora,' 'The Talking Oak,' 'Ulysses,' 'Locksley Hall,' 'Godiva,' and 'The Two Voices,' none of which have been materially altered since 1842. Most of the poems from the volume of 1832 were almost

[1] In the notes to the poems in the present edition, the date of the publication of each is given, so that a complete list is unnecessary here.

entirely rewritten for this edition; but those from the earlier volume of 1830 were reprinted with slight alteration.

The general recognition of Tennyson as chief poet of the century dates from this period. Hitherto his admirers had been the select few, and the leading critics had been divided in their estimate of his work; but now he was hailed with almost unanimous eulogies. 'All England rang with the stirring music of "Locksley Hall;" and nearly all of the choicer spirits of the age conspired to chant the praises of the poet and to do him honour.'

Up to this time Tennyson was almost unknown in America. It is doubtful whether a dozen copies of the volumes of 1830 and 1832 had crossed the Atlantic. Neither of them is to be found in any of our great libraries, and in private collections they are exceedingly rare. The only extended notice they received in any of our literary journals of that day was in the 'Christian Examiner' in 1833, from the pen of Mr. John S. Dwight of Boston. He borrowed the books of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who delighted to loan them to his friends and endeavoured to have them reprinted in Boston. This I learned from Mr. Samuel Longfellow, who showed me a letter from Messrs. C. C. Little & Co. to his brother the poet, dated April 27, 1838, in which they refer to Emerson's desire for an American reprint of Tennyson, and their

intention of making one; but for some reason the plan was not carried out.

The edition of 1842 was reprinted the same year in Boston by Mr. W. D. Ticknor; but fifteen hundred copies sufficed to supply the American demand for the next three years. The poet, however, found here 'fit audience, though few.' The volumes were reviewed by Prof. C. C. Felton in the 'Christian Examiner' for November, 1842; and in the 'Democratic Review' for January, 1844, by Mrs. Frances Kemble. In the latter magazine for December, 1844, Edgar A. Poe remarked: —

> I am not sure that Tennyson is not the greatest of poets. The uncertainty attending the public conception of the term *poet* alone prevents me from demonstrating that he is. Other bards produce effects which are, now and then, otherwise produced than by what we call poems, but Tennyson an effect which only a poem does. His alone are idiosyncratic poems. By the enjoyment or non-enjoyment of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' or of the 'Œnone,' I would test any one's ideal sense.

Margaret Fuller wrote thus in August, 1842: —

> I have just been reading the new poems of Tennyson. Much has he thought, much suffered, since the first ecstasy of so fine an organisation clothed all the world in rosy light. He has not suffered himself to become a mere intellectual voluptuary, nor the songster of fancy and passion, but has earnestly revolved the problems of life, and his conclusions are calmly noble. In these later verses is a still, deep sweetness; how different from the

intoxicating, sensuous melody of his earlier cadence! I have loved him much this time, and taken him to heart as a brother. One of his themes has long been my favourite, — the last expedition of Ulysses, — and his, like mine, is the Ulysses of the 'Odyssey,' with his deep romance of wisdom, and not the worldling of the 'Iliad.' How finely masked his slight description of himself and of Telemachus! In 'Dora,' 'Locksley Hall,' 'The Two Voices,' 'Morte d'Arthur,' I find my own life, much of it, written out.

In England a second edition of the 'Poems' was called for within a year, and two more editions were issued in 1845 and 1846. The volumes were reviewed in 1842 by Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) in the 'Westminster' (October); by John Sterling in the 'Quarterly' (October); and anonymously in the 'Examiner' (August 28), 'Tait's Edinburgh Magazine' (August), and the 'London University Magazine' (December). Most of these criticisms were highly eulogistic.

In 1844 a portrait of Tennyson, with a criticism of his work, appeared in 'A New Spirit of the Age,' edited by Richard Hengist Horne, the author of 'Orion.' He remarked: —

It may fairly be assumed that the position of Alfred Tennyson, as a poet of fine genius, is now thoroughly established in the minds of all sincere and qualified lovers of the higher classes of poetry in this country. But what is his position in the public mind? Or, rather, to what extent is he known to the great mass of general readers? Choice and limited is the audience, we appre-

hend, to whom this favoured son of Apollo pours forth his melodious song. It is true, however, that the public is 'a rising man' in its gradual appreciation, perhaps, of every genius of the present time; and certainly this appreciation is really on the rise with respect to the poetry of Tennyson. It is only some thirteen years since he published his first volume; and if it require all this time for 'the best judges' to discover his existence, and determine 'in one way, and the other,' upon some of his most original features, the public may be excused for not knowing more about his poems than they do at present. That they desire to know more is apparent from many circumstances, and partly from the fact of the last edition of his works, in two volumes, having been disposed of in a few months. Probably the edition was not large; such, however, is the result after thirteen years. . . .

His power as a lyrical versifier is remarkable. The measures flow softly or roll nobly to his pen; as well one as the other. He can gather up his strength, like a serpent, in the gleaming coil of a line; or dart it out straight and free. Nay, he will write you a poem with nothing in it except music, and as if its music were everything, it shall charm your soul. Be this said, not in reproach, but in honour of him and of the English language, for the learned sweetness of his numbers. The Italian lyrists may take counsel, or at once enjoy, 'Where Claribel low lieth.' But if sweetness of melody, and richness of harmony, be the most exquisitely sensuous of Tennyson's characteristics, he is no less able to 'pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone,' for certainly his works are equally characterised by their thoughtful grace, depth of sentiment, and ideal beauty. And he not only has the most musical words at his command (without having recourse to exotic terminologies), but he possesses the power of conveying a sense of colour, and a precision of outline by

means of words, to an extraordinary degree. In music and colour he was equalled by Shelley, but in *form*, clearly defined, with no apparent effort, and no harsh shades or lines, Tennyson stands unrivalled.

His ideality is both adornative and creative, although up to this period it is ostensibly rather the former than the latter. His ideal faculty is either satisfied with an exquisitely delicate arabesque painting, or clears the ground before him so as to melt and disperse all other objects into a suitable atmosphere, or aerial perspective, while he takes horse on a passionate impulse, as in some of his ballads which seem to have been panted through without a single pause. This is the case in 'Oriana,' in 'Locksley Hall,' in 'The Sisters,' etc. Or, at other times, selecting some ancient theme, he stands collected and self-contained, and rolls out, with an impressive sense of dignity, orb after orb of that grand melancholy music of blank verse which leaves long vibrations in the reader's memory; as in 'Ulysses,' the divine 'Œnone,' or the 'Morte d'Arthur.' . . .

With respect to 'Œnone,' it is an exquisitely successful attempt of the poet to infuse his own beating heart's blood into the pale, blind statues of the antique times, and loses no jot of the majesty, while the vitality informs the grace. It is not surpassed by anything of the kind in Keats, or Shelley, or Landor. The 'Morte d'Arthur' precisely reverses the design of the Greek revival, and, with equal success, draws back the Homeric blood and spirit to inspire a romantic legend.

Of the 'Ulysses' we would say that the mild dignity and placid resolve; the steady wisdom after the storms of life, and with the prospect of future storms; the melancholy fortitude, yet kingly resignation to his destiny which gives him a restless passion for wandering; the

unaffected and unostentatious modesty and self-conscious power; the long softened shadows of memory cast from the remote vistas of practical knowledge and experience, with a suffusing tone of ideality breathing over the whole, and giving a saddened charm even to the suggestion of a watery grave, — all this, and much more, independent of the beautiful picturesqueness of the scenery, render the poem of 'Ulysses' one of the most exquisite (as it has hitherto been one of the least noticed) poems in the language.[1]

Wordsworth and Tennyson met at the publisher Moxon's house in 1843; and two years later (July 1, 1845) the venerable Laureate wrote to Prof. Henry Reed of Philadelphia: 'I saw Tennyson when I was in London several times. He is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things.'

It was in September of the next year (1846) that Mr. Thomas Cooper asked Wordsworth's opinion of the poetry of the day. 'There is little that can be called high poetry,' was the reply. 'Mr. Tennyson affords the richest promise. He will do great things yet, and ought to have done greater things by this time.' Cooper remarked that Tennyson's sense of music seemed more perfect than that of any of the new race of poets. 'Yes,' said Wordsworth; 'the

[1] Horne's book was reprinted in New York in 1844, and doubtless helped to make Tennyson better known in this country.

perception of harmony lies in the very essence of the poet's nature, and Mr. Tennyson gives magnificent proofs that he is endowed with it.' Cooper cited Tennyson's 'rich association of musical words' as proof of his possessing 'as fine a sense of music in syllables as Keats and even Milton,' and to this Wordsworth assented with an approving smile.

In August, 1844, Thomas Carlyle, in reply to a letter from Emerson, asking for a description of Tennyson, wrote thus: —

> Moxon informs me that Tennyson is now in town, and means to come and see me. Of this latter result I shall be very glad. Alfred is one of the few British and foreign figures (a not increasing number, I think) who are and remain beautiful to me, — a true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, Brother! . . . I think he must be under forty — not much under it. One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical metallic, — fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to.

Emerson wrote in reply: 'The sketch you drew of Tennyson was right welcome, for he is an old favourite of mine, — I owned his book before I saw your face, — though I love him with allowance. O, cherish him

with love and praise, and draw from him whole books full of new verses yet!'

In 1843 Tennyson was parodied in a somewhat ribald manner in the 'Bon Gualtier Ballads' by Theodore (afterwards Sir Theodore) Martin and William Edmonstoune Aytoun, which appeared in 'Tait's' and 'Fraser's' Magazines, and later (1845) in book form. Martin had afterwards the grace to apologise in a way for these travesties. He said: —

> In these papers we ran a-tilt, with all the recklessness of youthful spirits, against such of the tastes or follies of the day as presented an opening for ridicule or mirth. . . . Fortunately for our purpose, there were then living not a few poets whose style and manner of thought were sufficiently marked to make imitation easy, and sufficiently popular for a parody of their characteristics to be readily recognised. . . . It was precisely the poets whom we most admired that we imitated the most frequently. This was not certainly from any want of reverence, but rather out of the fulness of our admiration, just as the excess of a lover's fondness often runs over into raillery of the very qualities that are dearest to his heart.

In 1845 Tennyson was the recipient of a government pension of £200 a year, which provoked some ill-natured newspaper criticism, and led Bulwer Lytton, in 'The New Timon' (London, 1846), to sneer at the 'Theban taste' that 'pensions Tennyson while starves a Knowles.' The productions of 'School-miss Alfred' were described as 'Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats,' with much

more in the same vein. The attack drew from Tennyson a rejoinder printed in 'Punch' (Feb. 18, 1846), over the signature of 'Alcibiades,' and followed in the next number by another, less severe, entitled 'After-thought.' In this 'sober second thought' the poet comes to the wise conclusion that *silence* is 'the noblest answer' to all such spiteful attacks.

It is pleasant to be able to add that Bulwer struck out the offensive verses from the third edition of 'The New Timon,' and that the two authors afterwards became good friends. In a public speech in 1862, Lytton, in alluding to Prince Albert, quoted what he called, 'the thought so exquisitely expressed by our Poet-Laureate,' — namely, that the Prince is 'the silent father of our kings to be;' and later Tennyson, in dedicating 'Harold' to the younger Lytton, gracefully acknowledged his indebtedness to the novel on the same subject by the elder Lytton.

The poet was in no haste to send forth the 'greater work' for which his friends were clamouring; and for the five years between 1842 and 1847, he published nothing new except 'The Golden Year,' which was added to the fourth edition of the 'Poems' in 1846. We know little of his life during this period. William Howitt in 1847, in the work from which I have before quoted, says: —

> It is very possible you may come across him, in a country inn, with a foot on each hob of the fireplace, a volume

of Greek in one hand, his meerschaum in the other, so far advanced towards the seventh heaven that he would not thank you to call him back into this nether world.

In 1847 'The Princess' appeared. The idea of the poem, as some have thought, may have been suggested by Johnson's 'Rasselas,' where we read: 'The princess thought that of all sublunary things knowledge was the best. She desired first to learn of sciences, and then proposed to found a college to teach women, in which she would preside.' In 'Love's Labour 's Lost' the King of Navarre and his friends would form 'a little Academe' from which women are to be excluded; but Dan Cupid spoils the plan as he does in Tennyson's poem.

Mrs. Ritchie remarks: —

'The Princess,' with all her lovely court and glowing harmonies, was born in London, among the fogs and smuts of Lincoln's Inn, although, like all works of true art, this poem had grown by degrees in other times and places. The poet came and went, free, unshackled, meditating, inditing. One of my family remembers hearing Tennyson say that 'Tears, idle Tears,' was suggested by Tintern Abbey; who shall say by what mysterious wonder of beauty and regret, by what sense of the 'transient with the abiding'?

'The Princess' was at first received with little favour by the critics. Mr. Wace says of it: —

Although admittedly brilliant, it was thought scarce worthy of the author. The abundant grace, descriptive

beauty, and human sentiment were evident; but the medley was thought somewhat incongruous, and the main web of the tale too weak to sustain the embroidery raised upon it.

On the other hand, a few eminent critics were prompt to recognise the true merit of the poem. In this country, Prof. James Hadley, of Yale College, wrote a long and laudatory review of it for the 'New Englander' (May, 1849), which has been reprinted in a revised form in his 'Essays, Philological and Critical.' [1]

A second edition of 'The Princess' was called for within a year; and a third edition, materially altered, and with the addition of the intercalary songs, appeared in 1850.

In 1849 the lines 'To ——, after Reading a Life and Letters,' were contributed to the 'Examiner' for March 24. The poet published nothing else until 1850, when 'In Memoriam' was given to the world,—the poet's 'most characteristic and significant work; not so ambitious as his epic of King Arthur, but more distinctively a poem of this century, and displaying the author's genius in a subjective form.' It is said that, a few years ago, when a number of authors were asked to name three leading poems of this century they would most prefer to have written, each gave 'In

[1] For some quotations from this and other early reviews of 'The Princess,' see the notes on the poem in the present edition.

Memoriam' either the first or second place upon his list. 'Obviously it is not a work to read at a sitting, nor to take up in every mood, but one in which we are sure to find something of worth in every stanza. It contains more notable sayings than any other of Tennyson's poems. The wisdom, yearnings, and aspirations of a noble mind are here; curious reasoning, for once, is not out of place; the poet's imagination, shut in upon itself, strives to irradiate with inward light the mystic problems of life. At the close, Nature's eternal miracle is made symbolic of the soul's palingenesis, and the tender and beautiful marriage-lay tranquillises the reader with the thought of the dear common joys which are the heritage of every living kind.'[1]

In this same year, 1850, on the 13th of June, the poet was married to Emily Sellwood, the daughter of Mr. Henry Sellwood, a solicitor at Horncastle, belonging to one of the oldest families of Berkshire. His wife was a sister of Sir John Franklin, the famous Arctic navigator. Charles Tennyson Turner married a younger daughter of Mr. Sellwood. The marriage of Alfred Tennyson and Miss Sellwood was solemnised at Shiplake, a parish on the Oxfordshire side of the Thames, a few miles from Henley. 'The church and vicarage stand upon a somewhat bold eminence overlooking the valley of the Thames in the direction of

[1] Stedman.

Sonning and Reading. The view, of which some glimpses can be obtained through the trees which almost encircle the churchyard, is not wholly unlike the prospect of the Thames from Richmond Hill.'[1] Mr. James T. Fields says: 'Once, I remember, Miss Mitford carried me on a pilgrimage to a grand old village church with a tower half-covered with ivy. We came to it through laurel hedges, and passed on the way a magnificent cedar of Lebanon. It was a superb pile, rich in painted glass windows and carved oak ornaments. Here Miss Mitford ordered the man to stop, and turning to me with great enthusiasm, said, "This is Shiplake Church, where Alfred Tennyson was married."'

On the 19th of November, 1850, Tennyson was appointed to succeed Wordsworth as Poet-Laureate. His formal presentation to the Queen in this capacity took place at Buckingham Palace on the 6th of March, 1851.

After his marriage Tennyson lived two years (except for a visit to France and Italy) at Twickenham, which was thus made 'twice classic' and 'more worthy of a pilgrimage in future days than all the memories it can boast of Walpole and Pope' may render it. Here the poet's son Hallam was born in 1852.

In 1850 Tennyson contributed a stanza of eight

[1] Church.

lines ('Here often when a child I lay reclined,' etc.) to 'The Manchester Athenæum Album,' which he did not think worth preserving.

In 1851 he wrote for 'The Keepsake' the lines, 'Come not when I am dead,' and the following stanzas, which are not included in his published volumes: —

> What time I wasted youthful hours,
> One of the shining winged powers
> Show'd me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers.
>
> As toward that gracious light I bow'd,
> They seem'd high palaces and proud,
> Hid now and then with sliding cloud.
>
> He said, 'The labour is not small;
> Yet winds the pathway free to all:
> Take care thou dost not fear to fall!'

Other contributors to 'The Keepsake' were Lord John Manners, Monckton Milnes, Bulwer Lytton, Barry Cornwall, Thackeray, and Albert Smith. The same year Tennyson wrote a sonnet to William Charles Macready, to be read at a dinner given to the actor, March 1, on his retirement from the stage. This was among the rejected poems until 1891.

Three editions of 'In Memoriam' had been issued in 1850; and the fourth, in 1851, contained the new section (lix.), 'O sorrow, wilt thou live with me?' The fourth revised edition of 'The Princess' also appeared this year, and the seventh edition of the

'Poems,' with the dedicatory verses to the Queen and three other new poems: 'Edwin Morris;' 'Come not when I am dead,' which has already been mentioned; and 'The Eagle.' The following stanza in the address to the Queen, referring to the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851, was afterwards omitted:

> She brought a vast design to pass,
> When Europe and the scattered ends
> Of our fierce world did meet as friends
> And brethren in her halls of glass.

In December, 1851, Louis Napoleon's famous *coup d'état* startled the world; and early in the following year the Laureate wrote the three spirited poems, 'Britons, Guard your Own,' 'The Third of February,' and 'Hands all Round.' The first (printed in the 'Examiner' for January 31) has not been preserved among the collected poems of the author. The other two poems (both printed in the 'Examiner' for February 7), with sundry alterations (for which see the 'Notes'), have since been included in the published volumes.

In November, 1852, the Duke of Wellington died, and on the day of his funeral the great 'Ode' in memory of the hero was published. A second edition, considerably modified, soon followed.

In 1853 the eighth edition of the 'Poems' was brought out, with alterations in the dedication to the Queen. The 'Sea-Fairies,' from the volume of 1830,

was restored, and the lines 'To E. L. on his Travels in Greece' were added. A fifth edition of 'The Princess' also appeared, with the addition of the passage from 'the gallant glorious chronicle' in the Prologue.

In 1852 Tennyson had purchased the estate of Farringford, at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, and the next year he took up his residence there. Mr. Church gives the following description and history of the place: —

> The domain of Farringford can be seen on the traveller's right hand as he makes his way westward from Freshwater Bay, lying at the foot of the inland slope of the down. The house itself is not visible from any point of this route, but a glimpse of the roof may be caught from the ascent on the eastern side of the bay. The estate extends to between four and five hundred acres, part of them downland, and contains what is known as King's Manor. The royal ownership indicated by this name is recorded by Domesday Book, where we find the following entry: 'Ye King holds Frescewatre in demesne. It was held by Tosti [Earl Tostig, brother of King Harold; this, of course, refers to the 'time of King Edward,' a standard of comparison used throughout the Survey], and was then assessed at 15 hides. It is now assessed at 6 hides. There are fifteen ploughlands, two ploughlands are in demesne, and 18 villages and 10 borderers employ 8 ploughs. There are seven servants and six acres of meadow. It was worth in King Edward's time sixteen pounds and afterwards twenty pounds; but it is let at thirty pounds.'

At this time, therefore, all Freshwater was what we should call Crown lands. But it would appear that part of it was afterwards bestowed on some ecclesiastical body. This body seems to have been the Abbey of Quarr or Quarrera (so called from the stone quarries in the neighbourhood). Quarr was near the town of Ryde, and was one of the first Cistercian monasteries established in England. Its first foundation was due to Baldwin, Earl of Devon, who endowed it in the thirty-second year of Henry I. Subsequent benefactors added to its revenues, and at the dissolution its income was estimated at £134 3*s.* 11*d.* Some of the local names recall this ecclesiastical ownership. Among them are 'Maiden's Croft' ('Virgin Mary's Field'), 'Abraham's Mead,' and 'The Clerk's Hill.' Lord Tennyson has in his possession transference deeds signed by Walter de Fferingford, evidently the chief owner of land at Freshwater. . . .

The house, while not possessing any architectural pretensions, has something singularly attractive about it. Not the least of its charms are the creeping plants which clothe it from roof-tree to foundation with a mantle of green. A delightful garden, laid out by the poet and his wife, surrounds it, and beyond this again is a small well-wooded park. Both house and park are sheltered from the southwesterly gales by a ridge of down. Westward of the house is a walled garden, and beyond this again the home or dairy farm. . . .

The poet's younger son Lionel was born here [in 1854]. The tablet which commemorates him — he died on his way home from India [April 20, 1886] — is to be seen in Freshwater Church. . . . A beautiful statue of St. John, from the chisel of Miss Mary Grant, has been erected by Lord and Lady Tennyson near the communion table of the church in memory of their son.

Mrs. Ritchie, who spent some weeks with Mrs. Cameron (well known for her artistic photographs) at Freshwater, refers to the place thus: —

The house at Farringford seemed like a charmed palace, with green walls without, and speaking walls within. There hung Dante with his solemn nose and wreath; Italy gleamed over the doorways; friends' faces lined the way; books filled the shelves, and a glow of crimson was everywhere; the great oriel drawing-room window was full of green and golden leaves, of the sound of birds, and of the distant sea.

The very names of the people who have stood upon the lawn at Farringford would be an interesting study for some future biographer: Longfellow, Maurice, Kingsley, the Duke of Argyll, Locker, Dean Stanley, the Prince Consort. Good Garibaldi once planted a tree there, off which some too ardent republican broke a branch before twenty-four hours had passed. Here came Clough in the last year of his life. Here Mrs. Cameron fixed her lens, marking the well-known faces as they passed: Darwin and Henry Taylor, Watts and Aubrey de Vere, Lecky and Jowett, and a score of others.

I first knew the place in the autumn, but perhaps it is even more beautiful in spring-time, when all day the lark trills high overhead, and then when the lark has flown out of our hearing the thrushes begin, and the air is sweet with scents from the many fragrant shrubs. The woods are full of anemones and primroses; narcissus grows wild in the lower fields; a lovely creamy stream of flowers flows along the lanes, and lies hidden in the levels; hyacinth pools of blue shine in the woods; and then with a later burst of glory comes the gorse, lighting up the country round about, and blazing round about the beacon

hill. . . . If you cross the little wood of nightingales and thrushes, and follow the lane where the blackthorn hedges shine in spring-time (lovely dials that illuminate to show the hour), you come to the downs, and climbing their smooth steeps you reach 'Mr. Tennyson's Down,' where the beacon-staff stands firm upon the mound. Then, following the line of the coast, you come at last to the Needles, and may look down upon the ridge of rocks that rises, crisp, sharp, shining, out of the blue wash of fierce, delicious waters.

The lovely places and sweet country all about Farringford are not among the least of its charms. Beyond the Primrose Island itself and the blue Solent, the New Forest spreads its shades, and the green depths reach to the very shores. Have we not all read of the forest where Merlin was becharmed, where the winds were still in the wild woods of Broceliande? The forest of Brockenhurst, in Hampshire, waves no less green, its ferns and depths are no less sweet and sylvan, than those of Brittany.

> Before an oak, so hollow, huge, and old
> It look'd a tower of ruin'd mason-work,
> At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

I have heard of Mr. Tennyson wandering for days together in the glades round about Lyndhurst. Some people once told me of meeting a mysterious figure in a cloak coming out of a deep glade, passing straight on, looking neither to the right nor the left. 'It was either a ghost or it was Mr. Tennyson,' said they.

The only poem published by Tennyson in 1854 was 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' printed in the 'Examiner' of December 9, with the note: 'Written after reading the first report of the "Times'" cor-

respondent, where only 607 sabres are mentioned as having taken part in the charge.' It was printed afterwards on a quarto sheet of four pages, with the following note at the bottom : —

Having heard that the brave soldiers at Sebastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, have a liking for my ballad on the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, I have ordered a thousand copies of it to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea; but if what I heard be true, they will not be displeased to receive these copies of the ballad from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honour them.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

8th August, 1855.

In the spring of 1854, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, gave the name of 'Tennyson's Monument' to a rocky formation in Greenland, of which he gives the following description in his 'Arctic Explorations' : —

A single cliff of greenstone, marked by the slaty limestone that once encased it, rears itself from a crumbled base of sandstones, like the boldly chiselled rampart of an ancient city. At its northern extremity, on the brink of a deep ravine which has worn its way among the ruins, there stands a solitary column or minaret-tower, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. Yet the length of the shaft alone is 480 feet, and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself 280 feet high.

I remember well the emotions of my party as it first broke upon our view. Cold and sick as I was, I brought

back a sketch of it, which may have interest for the reader, though it scarcely suggests the imposing dignity of this magnificent landmark.[1] Those who are happily familiar with the writings of Tennyson, and have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness, will apprehend the impulse that inscribed the scene with his name.

In the same year (1854) Rev. Frederic D. Maurice, who had long been an intimate friend of the poet and had stood godfather to his son Hallam, prefixed the following dedication to his volume of 'Theological Essays': —

To Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Poet-Laureate.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have maintained in these Essays that a theology which does not correspond to the deepest thoughts and feelings of human beings cannot be a true theology. Your writings have taught me to enter into many of those thoughts and feelings Will you forgive me the presumption of offering you a book which at least acknowledges them and does them homage?

As the hopes which I have expressed in this volume are more likely to be fulfilled to our children than to ourselves, I might perhaps ask you to accept it as a present to one of your name, in whom you have given me a very sacred interest. Many years, I trust, will elapse before he knows that there are any controversies in the world into which he has entered. Would to God that in a few more he may find that they have ceased! At all events, if he should ever look into these Essays, they may tell him what meaning some of the former generation attached to words which will be familiar and dear to his generation,

[1] A full-page engraving from this sketch is given in Dr. Kane's book.

and to those that follow his, — how there were some who longed that the bells of our churches might indeed

> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly and gratefully,

F. D. MAURICE.

In May, 1855, the University of Oxford conferred the degree of D. C. L. upon the Laureate. It is said that 'although his colleagues in this honour were Sir De Lacy Evans and Sir John Burgoyne, just returned from their victorious exploits in the Crimea, the enthusiasm with which he was received had never been surpassed.'

The same year is notable for the publication of 'Maud,' which was received by the majority of the critics with even less favour than 'The Princess' had been, and on the merits of which their verdicts are still divided. That there were certain obscurities in the poem as first printed cannot be denied; and the additions and alterations made subsequently by the author show that he came to see this defect, and endeavoured to supply the 'missing links' in the plot. The division into three parts is another obvious improvement, rendering the alternations of mood more intelligible. It is amazing that so many of the critics failed to recognise the dramatic character of the work, though in the early editions it was not called a

'monodrama.' This putting a whole drama into the mouth of a single speaker was a new form of poetry which Tennyson might claim to have invented; and 'Maud' still remains the sole example of it.

In 1856 the second edition of 'Maud' appeared, with most of the alterations to which reference has been made. Dr. R. J. Mann also published 'Tennyson's "Maud" Vindicated,' an admirable explanation and defence of the poem. Tennyson, acknowledging the receipt of the pamphlet, said: 'No one with this essay before him can in future pretend to misunderstand my dramatic poem "Maud." Your commentary is as true as it is full.'[1] In replying to another gentleman who had sent him a copy of a favourable review, the poet wrote thus: —

> I am much obliged to you for sending me your critique on my poem; and happy to find that you approve of it, and, unlike most of the critics (so-called), have taken some pains to look into it and see what it means. There has been from many quarters a torrent of abuse against it; and I have even had insulting anonymous letters: indeed, I am quite at a loss to account for the bitterness of feeling which this poor little work of mine has excited.

In 1857 the poet printed 'Enid and Nimue: or the True and the False,' an Arthurian poem of considerable length (139 pages), but decided not to publish

[1] Extracts from this and other reviews of 'Maud' will be found in the notes on the poem.

it. According to Mr. Shepherd, a few copies of it 'are said to be still extant in private hands.'

Nathaniel Hawthorne, describing a visit to an Exhibition at Manchester in 1857, says: —

While I was among the Dutch painters, —— accosted me. He told me that the 'Poet-Laureate' (as he called him) was in the Exhibition rooms, and, as I expressed great interest, was kind enough to go in quest of him, — not for the purpose of introduction, however, for he was not acquainted with Tennyson. Soon Mr. —— returned, and said he had found the Poet-Laureate, and, going into the saloon of the Old Masters, we saw him there, in company with Mr. Woolner, whose bust of him is now in the Exhibition. . . .

Gazing at him with all my eyes, I liked him well, and rejoiced more in him than in all the wonders of the Exhibition.

How strange that in these two or three pages I cannot get one single touch that may call him up hereafter!

I would gladly have seen more of this one poet of our day, but forbore to follow him; for I must own that it seemed mean to be dogging him through the saloons, or even to look at him, since it was to be done stealthily, if at all.

He is as un-English as possible, — indeed, an Englishman of genius usually lacks the national characteristics, and is great abnormally.

Un-English as he was, Tennyson had not, however, an American look. I cannot well describe the difference, but there was something more mellow in him, — softer, sweeter, broader, more simple than we are apt to be. Living apart from men as he does would hurt any one of us more than it does him. I may as well leave him here, for I cannot touch the central point.

Referring to this narrative, Mr. James T. Fields, in his 'Yesterdays with Authors,' says: —

It was during one of his rambles with Alexander Ireland through the Manchester Exhibition rooms that Hawthorne saw Tennyson wandering about. I have always thought it unfortunate that these two men of genius could not have been introduced on that occasion. Hawthorne was too shy to seek an introduction, and Tennyson was not aware that the American author was present. . . . When I afterwards told Tennyson that the author whose 'Twice-Told Tales' he happened to be then reading at Farringford had met him at Manchester, but did not make himself known, the Laureate said in his frank and hearty manner: 'Why did n't he come up and let me shake hands with him? I am sure I should have been glad to meet a man like Hawthorne anywhere.'

In the 'Life of Sydney Dobell,' who had visited the Isle of Wight for his health, is a letter written in 1857 from which the following is an extract: —

We have had many cloudy days lately, but even they have been almost equally abnormal — soft, shady days, with southwest winds, as tender often as spring, and with thrushes singing in all the hedges, in a way that, at another season, would be so exquisite, but now in the very death and funeral of the year, is sad enough, because unnatural. I hardly think Tennyson has done well, as a poet, in fixing his house in such exceptional conditions. He lives, you know, about twenty miles from us along the same coast. The country people are much amazed at his bad hat and unusual ways, and believe devoutly that he writes his poetry while mowing his lawn. However, they hold him in great respect, from a perception of the

honour in which he is held by their 'betters.' Our housewife here is a friend of his servant, and she entertained us with an account of how said servant had lately been awed. Opening to a ring at the door, when the Tennysons were out, she saw a 'tall, handsome gentleman' standing there, who, on learning they were not at home, turned to go. 'What message shall I give?' quoth the maid. 'Merely say Prince Albert called.'

Bayard Taylor, in his 'At Home and Abroad,' gives the following account of a visit he made to Farringford in this same year: —

I had so long known the greatest of living English poets, Alfred Tennyson, not only through his works, but from the talk of mutual friends, that I gladly embraced an opportunity to know him personally, which happened to me in June, 1857. He was then living at his home, the estate of Farringford, near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. I should have hesitated to intrude upon his retirement, had I not been kindly assured beforehand that my visit would not be unwelcome. The drive across the heart of the island from Newport to Freshwater was alone worth the journey from London. The softly undulating hills, the deep green valleys, the blue waters of the Solent, and the purple glimpses of the New Forest beyond, formed a fit vestibule of landscape through which to approach a poet's house.

As we drew near Freshwater, my coachman pointed out Farringford, a cheerful gray country mansion, with a small thick-grassed park before it, a grove behind, and beyond all, the deep shoulder of the chalk downs, a gap in which, at Freshwater, showed the dark blue horizon of the Channel. Leaving my luggage at one of the two little inns, I walked to the house with lines from 'Maud'

chiming in my mind. 'The dry-tongued laurel' shone glossily in the sun, the cedar 'sighed for Lebanon' on the lawn, and 'the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea' glimmered afar.

I had not been two minutes in the drawing-room before Tennyson walked in. So unlike are the published portraits of him that I was almost in doubt as to his identity. The engraved head suggests a moderate stature, but he is tall and broad-shouldered as a son of Anak, with hair, beard, and eyes of southern darkness. Something in the lofty brow and aquiline nose suggests Dante, but such a deep, mellow chest-voice never could have come from Italian lungs.

He proposed a walk, as the day was wonderfully clear and beautiful. We climbed the steep combe of the chalk cliff, and slowly wandered westward until we reached the Needles, at the extremity of the island, and some three or four miles distant from his residence. During the conversation with which we beguiled the way, I was struck with the variety of his knowledge. Not a little flower on the downs, which the sheep had spared, escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast, both terrestrial and submarine, was perfectly familiar to him. I thought of a remark which I once heard from the lips of a distinguished English author [Thackeray], that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew, and could well believe that he was sincere in making it.

I shall respect the sanctity of the delightful family circle to which I was admitted, and from which I parted the next afternoon with true regret. Suffice it to say that the poet is not only fortunate and happy in his family relations, but that, with his large and liberal nature, his sympathies for what is true and noble in humanity, and his depth and tenderness of feeling, he deserves to be so.

On the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal to Frederick William of Prussia, Jan. 25, 1858, the Laureate wrote two additional stanzas to the National Anthem, 'God save the Queen.' They were printed in the London 'Times' of January 29.

In July, 1859, the first instalment of the 'Idylls of the King' was published, — the four poems, 'Enid,' 'Vivien,' 'Elaine,' and 'Guinevere,' as they were then entitled. Ten thousand copies were sold in about six weeks, and the critics were almost unanimous in their eulogies of the volume. Among its warmest admirers was Prince Albert, who sent his copy to the poet, asking him to write his name in it. The note continued: —

> You would thus add a peculiar interest to the book containing those beautiful songs, from the perusal of which I derived the greatest enjoyment. They quite rekindle the feeling with which the legends of King Arthur must have inspired the chivalry of old, whilst the graceful form in which they are presented blends those feelings with the softer tone of our present age.

In 1862 a new edition of the 'Idylls' appeared, with a dedication to the memory of the Prince, who died in December, 1861.

It was not until 1869 that this 'master-work' of the poet was continued by the publication of four more 'Idylls,' — 'The Coming of Arthur,' 'The Holy Grail,' 'Pelleas and Ettarre,' and 'The Passing of Arthur,' in which the 'Morte d'Arthur' of 1842 is incor-

porated. In 1872 'The Last Tournament' (contributed to the 'Contemporary Review' for December, 1871) and 'Gareth and Lynette' appeared; and in 1885 'Balin and Balan,' the last of the series, was included in 'Tiresias and Other Poems.' In the latest editions of the Laureate's collected works, the poems are arranged in 'twelve books' (the original 'Enid' being divided into 'The Marriage of Geraint' and 'Geraint and Enid') and are put in the order in which he intended they should be read. In the order of *publication* the last (or the portion of it included in the 'Morte d'Arthur' of 1842) was the first, followed successively by the third, fourth (these two, as just explained, being originally one), sixth, seventh, eleventh (as the five were arranged in 1859), first, eighth, ninth, twelfth (as arranged in 1869, the twelfth being the amplification of the 'Morte d'Arthur'), second, tenth, and fifth. 'Nave and transept, aisle after aisle, the Gothic minster has extended, until, with the addition of a cloister here and a chapel yonder, the structure stands complete.' Stedman, from whom I quote this, continues: —

> It has grown insensibly, under the hands of one man who has given it the best years of his life, — but somewhat as Wolf conceived the Homeric poems to have grown, chant by chant, until the time came for the whole to be welded together in heroic form. . . . It is the epic of chivalry, — the Christian ideal of chivalry which we have deduced from a barbaric source, — our conception

of what knighthood should be, rather than what it really was, but so skilfully wrought of high imaginings, fairy spells, fantastic legends, and mediæval splendours that the whole work, suffused with the Tennysonian glamour of golden mist, seems like a chronicle illuminated by saintly hands, and often blazes with light like that which flashed from the holy wizard's book when the covers were unclasped. And, indeed, if this be not the greatest narrative poem since 'Paradise Lost,' what other English production are you to name in its place? Never so lofty as the grander portions of Milton's epic, it is more evenly sustained and has no long prosaic passages; while 'Paradise Lost' is justly declared to be a work of superhuman genius impoverished by dreary wastes of theology.

The 'Idylls' as completed form 'a great connected poem, dealing not only with the history and decadence of the Round Table, but containing an allegorical meaning illustrative of the origin, the struggles, and the passing of the soul of man.' The late Dean Alford, one of the poet's intimate friends, set forth this view in the 'Contemporary Review' for January, 1870. The 'Idylls' are to be read in the light of a passage in the epilogue, which describes the king as shadowing the Soul in its war with Sense. In this aspect they deal with the very highest interests of man. 'One noble design warms and unites the whole. In Arthur's coming, his foundation of the Round Table, his struggles and disappointment and departure, we see the conflict continually maintained between the spirit and the flesh; and in the pragmatical issue we recognise

the bearing down in history, and in individual man, of pure and lofty Christian purpose by the lusts of the flesh, by the corruptions of superstition, by human passions and selfishness.'

In July, 1859, the poet contributed 'The Grandmother's Apology' (entitled 'The Grandmother' when included in the 'Enoch Arden' volume in 1864) to 'Once a Week,' where it was accompanied with an illustration by Millais, which, as Mr. Shepherd says, 'so beautifully embodies the pathos of the poem, and is so inseparably connected with it in the minds of those who first read it in the magazine, that it seems a pity the two should ever have been dissociated.'

On the 20th of July, 1859, the poet Longfellow wrote in his diary: 'Finished the Four Idylls. The first and third ['Enid' and 'Elaine'] could have come only from a great poet. The second and fourth ['Vivien' and 'Guinevere'] do not seem to me so good.' This was apparently a hasty judgment after a first reading; for later (August 12) he wrote to James T. Fields thus: 'The "Idylls" are a brilliant success, — rich tapestries, wrought as only Tennyson could have done them, and worthy to hang beside "The Faerie Queene." I believe there is no discordant voice on this side the water.' When 'The Holy Grail' appeared in 1869, he wrote on Christmas Eve to Fields: 'What dusky splendours of song there are

in King Alfred's new volume ! It is always a delight to get anything from him. His "Holy Grail" and Lowell's "Cathedral" are enough for a holiday, and make this one notable. With such "good works" you can go forward to meet the New Year with a conscience void of reproach.'

In August, 1859, Tennyson made a tour in Portugal with Francis Turner Palgrave, who was then preparing his 'Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics.' In the dedication to the Laureate, Mr. Palgrave says: 'Your encouragement . . . led me to begin the work; and it has been completed under your advice and assistance.'

The next year (1860) Tennyson gave nothing to the public except 'Sea Dreams,' in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for January, and 'Tithonus,' in the 'Cornhill Magazine' (then edited by Thackeray) for February; and in 1861 only 'The Sailor Boy,' contributed to 'Victoria Regia,' — a Christmas volume of miscellanies by various authors, edited by Emily Faithfull. In 1862, besides the dedication to Prince Albert in the new edition of the 'Idylls' already mentioned, he wrote the 'Ode: May the First, 1862,' sung at the opening of the International Exhibition, and printed in 'Fraser's Magazine' for June.

In 1861, he revisited the Pyrenees, where he had travelled with Arthur Hallam in his early manhood. To this he alludes in the lines 'In the Valley of Cau-

teretz,' written at this time, though not printed until 1864 : —

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away ;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

Arthur Hugh Clough was in the Pyrenees at this time, and writes in his diary of meeting the Tennysons at Mont Dore-les-Bains, Luchon, and elsewhere. At Luchon he found them 'comfortably established in pleasant lodgings out of the town, in maize fields, not far from the river.' The Laureate told him that '"Œnone" was written on the inspiration of the Pyrenees, which stood for Ida.' At Cauteretz, September 7, Clough writes : 'To-day is heavy *brouillard* down to the feet, or at any rate ankles, of the hills, and little to be done. I have been out for a walk with A. T. to a sort of island between two waterfalls, with pines on it, of which he retained a recollection from his visit of thirty-one years ago, and which, moreover, furnished a simile to "The Princess." He is very fond of this place, evidently.'

The simile occurs in the fifth part of 'The Princess,' in the description of Ida standing

> Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm
> Tho' compass'd by two armies and the noise
> Of arms; and standing like a stately pine
> Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
> When storm is on the heights, and right and left
> Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll
> The torrents, dash'd to the vale.

In 1863 the 'Welcome to Alexandra,' which Thackeray compared to the waving of a flaring pine-tree torch on a windy headland, was published on the arrival of the Princess in England on the 7th of March; and in December the 'Attempts at Classical Metres in Quantity' appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine.'

In March, 1864, the Laureate contributed an 'Epitaph on the Late Duchess of Kent' (the Queen's mother, who had died on the 16th of that month) to the 'Court Journal.' In August 'Enoch Arden and Other Poems' was published. The poem which gives the title to the volume is 'in its author's purest idyllic style; noticeable for evenness of tone, clearness of diction, successful description of coast and ocean, — finally, for the loveliness and fidelity of its *genre* scenes.'[1] George William Curtis, reviewing it in 1864, remarked: —

> The fascinating fancy which Hawthorne elaborated under the title 'Wakefield,' of a man quietly withdrawing

[1] Stedman.

from his home and severing himself for many years from his family, yet stealing to the windows in the darkness to see wife and children and the changes time works in his familiar circle, is reproduced in 'Enoch Arden,' except that the separation is involuntary, and the unbetrayed looking in upon the changes of years is not a mere psychological diversion, but an act of the highest moral heroism. Indeed, the tale is profoundly tragical, and like the last Idyll of the King ['Guinevere'], is a rare tribute to the master-passion of the human heart. It is not the most subtle selfishness, whispers the poet; it is the perfection of self-denial. Xavier de Maistre says that the Fornarina loved her love more than her lover. Not so would Raphael's Madonna have loved. Not so loved Enoch Arden. There is no nobler tale of true love than his.

It is told with that consummate elegance in which Tennyson has no peer. The English language has a burnished beauty in his use of it which is marvellous. In his earlier verses it was too dainty, too conspicuously fastidious, and the words were chosen too much for themselves and their special suggestions and individual melody. But his mastery of them now is manly. It is as striking as Milton's, although entirely different. There are a Miltonic and a Tennysonian blank verse in English literature; is there any other?

Mr. Henry J. Jennings tells the following story about the poem: —

A sure test of its commandingly human quality is furnished by the fact that it was on one occasion read to an audience of the rudest, most illiterate people of the 'slums' of a great provincial town. Although the reader had no marked gifts of elocution, the touching character of the narrative held these poor folks in sobbing sympathy

to the very end, and they understood it all, as one might have read in the moisture of their rapt and hungering eyes. Lord Tennyson, on being made acquainted with this interesting circumstance, in thanking his informant, said, 'If my poems have indeed power for good over the people, it ought to be matter of great joy to me, and of still greater thankfulness.'

'Enoch Arden' has been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Dutch, and German (by several hands); and in 1867 a Latin version was published by Prof. William Selwyn.

'The Northern Farmer,' in the same volume with 'Enoch Arden,' was the first of the Lincolnshire dialect poems, remarkable alike for their humour and pathos, which 'revealed a new power' in Tennyson.

> The command of dialect had perhaps the least part in this delightful surprise. The poem throbs with character; every pulse in every line is the heart-beat of a strongly marked individuality. . . . There are few things in the way of word-portraiture more lifelike than the picture this self-willed, opinionated old-world farmer draws of himself.[1]

'A Selection from the Works of Alfred Tennyson,' published in the series of 'Moxon's Miniature Poets,' in 1865, contained six new poems: 'The Captain;' 'On a Mourner;' 'Home they brought him slain with spears' (which, though not printed till now, is probably an earlier version of the song in 'The Princess,' 'Home they brought her warrior dead'); and three

[1] Jennings.

'Sonnets to a Coquette,' beginning, respectively, 'Caress'd or chidden by the dainty hand,' 'The form, the form alone is eloquent,' and 'Wan Sculptor, weepest thou to take the cast.' These sonnets are now printed among the 'Juvenilia,' without the original heading.

On the 21st of February, 1865, the poet's mother died, at the age of eighty-four years. She had resided for many years at Hampstead (London) with her sister, Miss Mary Anne Fytche.

Early in 1865 there were rumours that the Queen desired to confer some distinction upon the poet, and the 'Athenæum' announced that a baronetcy had been offered him and accepted. The latter part of the statement was incorrect. Nine years later, when Disraeli was premier, the baronetcy was again offered and declined.

In 1867 the series of twelve songs, entitled 'The Window, or the Loves of the Wrens,' was printed for private circulation at the press of Sir Ivor Bertie Guest, of Canford Manor, now Lord Wimbourne, with this dedication: 'These little songs, whose almost sole merit — at least till they are wedded to music — is that they are so excellently printed, I dedicate to the printer.' The note prefixed to them when published in 1870 informs us that they were written at the request of Mr. Sullivan, to be set to music by him.

'The Victim,' which had also been privately

printed at Canford Manor, was contributed to 'Good Words' for January, 1868. The lines 'On a Spiteful Letter' appeared in 'Once a Week' the same month; 'Wages' in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for February; a few lines entitled '1865–1866,' in 'Good Words' for March; and 'Lucretius' in 'Macmillan' for May. With the exception of the '1865–1866,' these are now included in the collected works of the poet.

In the summer of 1868 Longfellow visited his brother poet at Farringford. In a letter to Mrs. James T. Fields, dated at Bonchurch, July 19, he says: 'We came last night from Freshwater, where we had passed two happy days with Tennyson, — not at his house, but mostly with him. He was very cordial and very amiable, and gave up his whole time to us.'

In 1869 'The Holy Grail and Other Poems' was published, forty thousand copies of the volume having been ordered in advance. The same year the poet was elected an Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Fellows had previously subscribed for his bust by Woolner, which now adorns the college library. It may also be noted that a writer in 'Temple Bar' for May informed a deluded world that 'Mr. Tennyson has no sound pretensions to be called a great poet.'

In 1867 the poet had purchased an estate on Blackdown, a moorland height rising above the village

of Haslemere, in the northwestern corner of Sussex, some forty-two miles from London; and here in 1869 he built a summer residence from the designs of his friend, Mr. J. T. Knowles, editor of the 'Nineteenth Century,' and an excellent architect withal. He named the place Aldworth, after one of the old Sellwood demesnes. The mansion stands on the southern slope of the down, more than eight hundred feet above the sea, commanding one of the broadest and most beautiful views in all England. There is an allusion to the scene in the verses addressed to General Hawley: —

> Our birches yellowing and from each
> The light leaf falling fast,
> While squirrels from our fiery beech
> Were bearing off the mast,
> You came, and look'd and loved the view
> Long known and loved by me,
> Green Sussex fading into blue
> With one gray glimpse of sea.

It is indeed the whole of 'Green Sussex' that lies before one as he looks from where the Fairlight Downs dip into the Pitt Level on the left to Chichester on the right. And indeed more than Sussex is visible: on one side no small part of Kent can be seen; and if one half turns, the noble eminence of Leith Hill, and on the other Portsmouth and the Hampshire Downs. The 'one gray glimpse of sea' is where there is an opening in the South Downs at Arundel.[1]

[1] Church.

Mrs. Ritchie says: —

> Aldworth was built . . . when Mrs. Tennyson had been ordered change, and Freshwater was found to be unbearable and overcrowded during the summer months. It must be borne in mind that to hospitable people there are dangers from friendly inroads as well as from the attacks of enemies. The new house, where for many years past the family has spent its summers, stands on the summit of a high lonely hill in Surrey, and yet it is not quite out of reach of London life. It is a white stone house with many broad windows facing a great view and a long terrace, like some one of those at Siena or Perugia, with a low parapet of stone, where ivies and roses are trained, making a foreground to the lovely haze of the distance.

In the Isle of Wight the poet had been greatly annoyed in summer by 'the vulgar curiosity of mobs of tourists, who walked about his grounds, pointing their telescopes and field-glasses at him, even indeed flattening their inquisitive noses against his windows.' At Aldworth, three miles from a railway station and in a comparatively isolated situation high above the surrounding country, he was quite safe from these impudent intrusions. Nothing of the house but the chimney-tops or the gables and pinnacles of the upper windows can be seen from any point near at hand. 'A belt of dense foliage and undergrowth, hardly less impenetrable than stone walls, girdles it closely about; and from the outside it is impossible to get any idea

of the bright flower-gardens and pleasant glades that lie hidden in recesses of the hazel copse.'

Within [to quote from a writer in the London 'World' who visited Aldworth in 1875] everything is ordered with a quiet refined elegance that has in it, perhaps, just a *soupçon* of an affectation of æstheticism not quite in keeping with the spirit either of modern or of mediæval life. The hall, in spite of its richly tessellated pavement, has a delightful sense of coolness in its soft half-light. The lofty rooms have broad high windows, the light from which is tempered by delicately coloured hangings; walls of the negative tints in which modern decorators delight, diapered with dull gold; and panelled ceilings of darkly stained wood with moulded ribs and beams. High-backed chairs, of ancient and uncompromising stiffness, flank the table, typifying the poet's sterner moods; while in cosey corners are comfortable lounges that indicate a tendency to yield sometimes to the soft seductions of more effeminate inspirations. Nowhere is the spirit vexed by garish ornament or the eye by glaring colours. A few good etchings and paintings hang on the walls; among them an excellent copy of the Peter Martyr, which is doubly valuable since the destruction of the original. But there is one room in which all that is most interesting in this house centres. The door opens noiselessly, and the tread of your feet is muffled as you enter a dim corridor divided from the room by a high screen. The air is heavy with the odour of an incense not unfamiliar to men of letters; and if you could doubt whence it arose, your doubts would be speedily dissolved as the occupant of the chamber comes forward to meet you, the inseparable pipe still between his teeth. The figure, though slightly bent, bears the burden of sixty-six years lightly; the dark mass of hair falling backward from the broad high

forehead, and the 'knightly growth fringing his lips,' are but sparely streaked with silver; and the face, though rugged and deeply lined with thought, is full of calm dignity and of a tenderness strangely at variance with his somewhat brusque tone and manner. . . . Though the poet, like most thinkers, is slow of speech, and given to lapse into reverie, his powers of conversation are considerable. He speaks with a full rolling Saxon accent that to the over-refined ears of Cockneys would probably sound like provincialism, but no person could be more correctly emphatic in pronunciation; and his ear is as readily offended, if a word be shorn of its due power, as a great musician's by discordant sounds, or a painter's eye by false colouring; and he does not allow the forms of society to stand in the way of giving very free expression to his annoyance. . . . His chief delight is to sit here in this quiet secluded study, surrounded by a few choice books of favourite authors; and when not working at the desk, by the window that overlooks the pine glen and the purple down westward, to lounge by the larger one that looks down on the bright blossoming terrace over the dense belt of beeches and hazels, where the whirring of night-jars sounds ceaselessly in the twilight, away to the gray lines of undulating hills and the streak of silver sea. Whatever he is doing, the eternal pipe is ever ready at hand, and a huge tobacco-jar, big enough for an ancestral urn, on the floor beside him. At other times he will wander down to the zigzag pathways that meander in all directions through the tall hazel-twigs which hem his house around, where one comes suddenly on a little secluded glade bright with mossy verdure, or a garden laden with odours from a score of pine-trees, or a bigger lawn devoted to the innocent pursuit of croquet or lawn-tennis. Less frequently he may be seen walking through neighbouring byways, and exciting the curiosity

of the village folk by the strangeness of his mien and the eccentricity of his costume.

Tennyson published nothing during 1870 and 1871 except 'The Last Tournament,' contributed to the 'Contemporary Review' for December in the latter year; but 1872 is memorable for the appearance of 'Gareth and Lynette, and Other Poems.' It was now generally assumed by the critics that the cycle of the Arthurian Idylls was complete; but, as we have seen, another 'book' was added in 1885.

In the 'Library Edition' of the poet's complete works (1872–73) several poems previously suppressed were restored under the head of 'Juvenilia;' and two early sonnets, 'Alexander' and 'The Bridesmaid,' were published for the first time. 'The Third of February, 1852' (printed in the 'Examiner' that year) and 'Literary Squabbles' (the 'Afterthought' of 'Punch,' 1846) were first acknowledged and included. Some new passages in the 'Idylls of the King' and the exordium 'To the Queen' were also added.

'A Welcome to Marie Alexandrovna, Duchess of Edinburgh,' printed in the 'Times' early in 1874, and afterwards issued on a separate sheet, is now included in the collected works.

The 'Cabinet Edition' of the poems, issued in 1874, contained some additional matter. The stanzas entitled 'England and America in 1782,' the poem in memory of Sir John Simeon ('In the Garden at

Swainston'), and 'The Voice and the Peak' now first appeared; and a new passage of nearly one hundred and fifty lines was inserted in 'Merlin and Vivien' after the opening paragraph.

In 1875 the drama of 'Queen Mary' was published. The next year it was produced, with some abridgment and modification, at the Lyceum Theatre in London, Miss Bateman playing Mary, and Mr. Irving the minor part of Philip II. of Spain. The experiment confirmed the opinion of the critics that the work was better suited for the closet than the stage.

Late in 1876 (dated 1877) the Laureate published another drama, 'Harold,' which has never been acted, though it was received with more favour by the critics than 'Queen Mary' had been. Some were enthusiastic in their praises of both, George Eliot declaring that 'Tennyson's plays run Shakespeare's close.'

During 1877 Tennyson contributed to the first number of the 'Nineteenth Century' (the name of which is said to have been suggested by him) a prefatory sonnet, with another entitled 'Montenegro;' and to subsequent numbers a 'Sonnet to Victor Hugo' and 'Achilles over the Trench.' He also wrote the 'Lines on Sir John Franklin' for the cenotaph in Westminster Abbey.

The next year (1878) he wrote the ballad of 'The Revenge' for the 'Nineteenth Century.' When this poem was read to Carlyle, he exclaimed, 'Eh! he has

got the grip of it!' In the autumn Tennyson made a tour in Ireland. At Killarney, as Mrs. Ritchie tells us, he said to the boatman, 'When I last was here I heard eight echoes, and now I only hear one.' The man, who had often heard people quoting the Bugle Song, replied, 'Why, you must be the gentleman that brought all the money to the place.'

In 1879, as already stated (page 45), 'The Lover's Tale' was published; and the 'Dedicatory Poem to the Princess Alice' and 'The Defence of Lucknow' were contributed to the 'Nineteenth Century.' The one-act play of 'The Falcon' was brought out at the St. James Theatre in London, with Mrs. Kendal as the heroine. It was 'a genuine success, and the charm of the dialogue furnished an intellectual delight rare in those days of "brainless pantomime."'

It was in April of this same year that Tennyson went to see Irving as Hamlet; and Mrs. Ritchie, who was present at the same performance, refers to the occasion thus: —

> I once heard Mr. Tennyson talking to some actors, to no less a person indeed than to Hamlet himself, for after the curtain fell the whole play seemed to flow from off the stage into the box where we had been sitting, and I could scarcely tell at last where reality began and Shakespeare ended. The play was over, and we ourselves seemed a part of it still; here were the players, and our own prince poet, in that familiar simple voice we all know, explaining the art, going straight to the point in his own downright

fashion, criticising with delicate appreciation, by the simple force of truth and conviction carrying all before him. 'You are a good actor lost,' one of these real actors said to him.

In the spring of 1880 the Laureate was asked to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University; but learning that he was being put forward as the nominee of the Conservative party among the students, he declined the candidature. In a letter addressed to the gentlemen who had requested him to stand for this honorary position, he said: —

> You are probably aware that some years ago the Glasgow Liberals asked me to be their candidate, and that I, in like manner, declined; yet I would gladly accept a nomination, after what has occurred on this occasion, if at any time a body of students, bearing no political party name, should wish to nominate me, or if both the Liberals and Conservatives should happen to agree in foregoing the excitement of a political contest, and in desiring a Lord Rector who would not appear for installation, and who would, in fact, be a mere *roi fainéant*, with nothing but the literary merits you are good enough to appreciate.

All sensible people will approve Tennyson's refusal to be a political candidate for a purely literary office. Nothing, indeed, could well be more ridiculous than the dragging of party considerations into a university election of this character.

In the same year (1880) the volume entitled 'Ballads and Other Poems' was given to the world.

It was dedicated to 'golden-haired Ally,' the poet's little grandson, Alfred Tennyson. He was the son of Mr. Lionel Tennyson, and was then only a year and a half old. Mr. Stedman pays a fitting tribute to the 'Ballads' when, after commenting with qualified praise upon the dramas, he goes on to say: —

> In striking contrast, Tennyson's recent lyrical poetry is the afterglow of a still radiant genius. Here we see undimmed the fire and beauty of his natural gift, and wisdom increased with age. What a collection, short as it is, forms the volume of 'Ballads' issued in his seventy-first year! It opens with the thoroughly English story of 'The First Quarrel,' with its tragic culmination, — 'And the boat went down that night, — the boat went down that night!' Country life is what he has observed, and he reflects it with truth of action and dialect. 'The Northern Cobbler' and 'The Village Wife' could be written only by the idyllist whose Yorkshire ballads delighted us in 1866. But here are greater things, two or three at his highest mark. The passion and lyrical might of 'Rizpah' never have been exceeded by the author, nor, I think, by any other poet of his day. 'The Revenge' and 'Lucknow' are magnificent ballads. . . . 'The Voyage of Maeldune' is a weird and vocal fantasy, unequally poetic, with the well-known touch in every number.

The book drew from Theodore Watts the following sonnet, 'To Alfred Tennyson, on his publishing, in his seventy-first year, the most richly various volume of English verse that has appeared in his own century': —

Beyond the peaks of Káf a rivulet springs
Whose magic waters to a flood expand,
Distilling, for all drinkers on each hand,
The immortal sweets enveil'd in mortal things.
From honey'd flowers, from balm of zephyr-wings,
From fiery blood of gems,[1] thro' all the land,
The river draws; — then, in one rainbow-band,
Ten leagues of nectar o'er the ocean flings.
Steep'd in the riches of a poet's years,
Stain'd in all colours of man's destiny,
So, Tennyson, thy widening river nears
The misty main, and, taking now the sea,
Makes rich and warm with human smiles and tears
The ashen billows of Eternity.

In January, 1881, the play of 'The Cup' was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London, with Mr. Irving and Miss Terry in the leading *rôles*, and had a more successful run than any of the Laureate's earlier dramas. In the course of the year he contributed the dramatic monologue 'Despair' to the 'Nineteenth Century,' and 'The Charge of the Heavy Brigade' to 'Macmillan's Magazine.'

In March, 1882, the patriotic poem, 'Hands all Round,' written in 1852 (see page 63), revised by the poet and set to music by Mrs. Tennyson, was sung by Mr. Santley at a concert in London on the Queen's birthday. Certain good people, interested in the temperance reform, were troubled at the refer-

[1] According to a Mohammedan tradition, the mountains of Káf are entirely composed of gems, whose reflected splendours colour the sky.

ences in the song to 'drinking a health' to England and to Freedom; and the Executive Committee of the Good Templars, forgetful of the service the poet had done their cause in 'The Northern Cobbler' and of the fact that he had exerted his influence in favour of the movement to close public-houses on Sunday in the Isle of Wight, passed a resolution remonstrating against the ode 'in which drink was used as an expression of loyalty.' The Chief Templar sent the Laureate a copy of the resolution, the receipt of which was duly acknowledged by Mr. Hallam Tennyson as follows: —

My father begs me to thank the Committee of the Executive of the Grand Lodge of England Good Templars for their resolution. No one honours more highly the good work done by them than my father. I must, however, ask you to remember that the common cup has in all ages been employed as a sacred symbol of unity, and that my father has only used the word 'drink' in reference to this symbol. I much regret that it should have been otherwise understood.

An anecdote told by Mrs. Ritchie is not out of place here. She relates that the poet was one day walking in Covent Garden, when he was stopped by a rough-looking man, who held out his hand, and said: 'You 're Mr. Tennyson. Look here, sir, here am I. I 've been drunk for six days out of the seven, but if you will shake me by the hand, I 'm d——d if I ever get drunk again.'

In November, 1882, another play from the Laureate's pen, 'The Promise of May,' was performed at the Globe Theatre in London. Though generally condemned by the critics, it had a run of six weeks. This was partially due to an incident of a somewhat sensational character which occurred at one of the earlier representations of the play. At the beginning of the first scene the Marquis of Queensberry rose from his seat in the stalls, and loudly protested against what he regarded as Tennyson's attack upon freethinkers in the character of Edgar. After some delay the performance was allowed to proceed, but at its close the Marquis rose again, declaring himself a freethinker, and denouncing the play as a travesty of the sect. The next day he explained in a morning paper that his indignation had been particularly excited by Edgar's comments on marriage. He added: —

> I am a secularist and a freethinker, and, though I repudiate it, a so-called atheist, and, as President of the British Secular Union, I protest against Mr. Tennyson's abominable caricature of an individual whom [*sic*], I presume, he would have us believe represents some body of people which, thanks for the good of humanity, most certainly does not exist among freethinkers.

But, as a writer in a London journal remarked in the course of the controversy that followed, —

> Edgar is not, as the critics will have it, a freethinker drawn into crime by his Communistic theories; Edgar is *not* a protest against the atheism of the age; Edgar is

not even an honest Radical nor a sincere follower of Schopenhauer; he is nothing thorough and nothing sincere; but he is a criminal, and at the same time a gentleman. These are the two sides of his character. He has no conscience until he is brought face to face with the consequences of his crime, and in the awakening of that conscience the poet has manifested his fullest and sublimest strength. At our first introduction to Edgar we see him perplexed with the haunting of a pleasure that has sated him. 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die' has been his motto; but we can detect that his appetite for all pleasure has begun to pall. He repeats wearily the formulæ of a philosophy which he has followed because it suits his mode of life. He plays with these formulæ, but they do not satisfy him. So long as he had on him the zest of libertinism he did not in all probability trouble himself with philosophy. But now he begins to hanker after his position as a gentleman, as a member of society. He feels he has outlawed himself. He has no one but himself to look to. He must endeavour to justify himself to himself. His selfishness compels him to take a step of which he feels the wickedness and repugnancy. The companionship of the girl he has ruined no longer gives him pleasure; he hates her tears because they remind him of himself, — his proper self. He abandons her with a pretence of satisfaction; but the philosophical formulæ he repeats no more satisfy him than they satisfy this poor girl whom he deserts. Her innocence has not, however, been wantonly sacrificed by the dramatist. She has sown the seed of repentance in her seducer, though the fruit is slow in ripening. Years after, he returns like the ghost of a murderer to the scene of his crime. He feels remorse. He is ashamed of it; he battles against it; he hurls the old formulæ at it; he acts the cynic more thoroughly than ever. But he is changed. He feels a

desire to 'make amends.' Yet that desire is still only a form of selfishness. He has abandoned the 'Utopian idiocy' of Communism, — perhaps, as he says with the self-mockery that makes the character so individual and remarkable, because he has inherited estates. His position of gentleman is forced on his notice; he would qualify himself for it, selfishly and without doing excessive penance. To marry the surviving sister and rescue the old father from ruin would be a meritorious act. He sets himself to perform it. At first everything goes well for him; the old weapons of fascination that had worked the younger sister's ruin now conquer the heart of the elder. He is comfortable in his scheme of reparation, and 'lays that flattering unction to his soul.' Suddenly, however, the girl whom he has betrayed and whom he thought dead returns; she hears him repeating to another the words of love she herself had caught from him and believed. 'Edgar,' she cries, and staggers forth from her concealment, as she forgives him with her last breath, and bids him make her sister happy. Then, and not till then, the true soul of the man rushes to his lips; he recognises his wickedness, he knows the blankness of his life. That is his punishment. He feels then and will always feel aspirations after good which he can never or only imperfectly fulfil. The position of independence on which he prided himself is wrested from him; he is humiliated; the instrument of his selfish repentance turns on him, with a forgiveness that annihilates him; the bluff and honest farmer, whom he despises, triumphs over him, not with the brute force of an avenging hand, but with the pre-eminence of superior morality. Edgar quits the scene, never again, we can well believe, to renew his libertine existence, but to expiate with lifelong contrition the monstrous wickedness of the past. This is dramatic justice.

Characterisation so subtle was of course beyond the ken of the average theatre-goer, and even of the average dramatic critic. We need not wonder that the popular interest in the play, when the Queensberry episode had ceased to be a nine days' wonder, soon died out.

In the autumn of 1883, Tennyson accompanied Mr. Gladstone on a sea excursion to the northern parts of the Continent. At Copenhagen he was invited by the King of Denmark to meet the Czar and Czarina, the King and Queen of Greece, and the Princess of Wales. The next day the royal party visited the steamer on which the Laureate was a passenger, and at their urgent request he read them some of his poems. It is reported that he was enthusiastically applauded, 'the royal ladies being especially demonstrative in the expression of their admiration.'

During this voyage the Orkneys were visited, and the Premier and the Laureate were presented with the freedom of the borough of Kirkwall. Mr. Gladstone, in acknowledging the honour, referred to his eminent companion thus: —

> I believe that in this case the honour is not on one side only, but on both, and you will do well to associate yourself with him as well as ask him to associate himself with you. Mr. Tennyson's life and labours correspond in point of time as nearly as possible to my own, but Mr. Tennyson's exertions have been on a higher plane of

human action than my own. He has worked in a higher field, and his work will be more durable. We public men who play a part which places us much in view of our countrymen, — we are subject to the danger of being momentarily intoxicated by the kindness, the undue homage of kindness, we may receive. It is our business to speak, but the words which we speak have wings, and fly away and disappear. The work of Mr. Tennyson is of a higher order. I anticipate for him the immortality for which England and Scotland have supplied, in the course of their long national life, many claims. Your record to-day of the additions which have been made to your municipal body may happen to be examined in distant times, and some may ask with regard to the Prime Minister, 'Who was he, and what did he do? We know nothing about him.' But the Poet-Laureate has written his own song on the hearts of his countrymen that can never die. Time is powerless against him, and I believe this, that were the period of inquiry to be so long distant as between this day and the time when Maeshowe[1] was built, still, in regard to the Poet-Laureate of to-day, there would be no difficulty in stating who he was and what he had done to raise the intellects and hearts of his fellow-creatures to a higher level, and by so doing acquire a deathless fame.

In the latter part of 1883 the Queen offered a peerage to Tennyson, and this time he accepted the

[1] This remarkable tumulus is about nine miles from Kirkwall. It is a conical mound thirty-five feet in height, and one hundred and twenty feet in diameter at the base. It was opened in 1861, and was found to be a chambered barrow of elaborate construction. Runic inscriptions were found within, which are believed to be of the twelfth century; but it is supposed that the building was old and roofless when the runes were inscribed, and really belongs to a much earlier period.

honour. He was gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford on the 18th of the following January. Among the many congratulatory letters he received was one from Susan Epton, an old woman who had been in the service of his father and afterwards lady's maid to Mrs. Tennyson. 'I have received many letters of congratulation,' the poet remarked in a letter to a friend, 'some from great lords and ladies, but the affectionate remembrance of good old Susan Epton and her sister touched me more than all these.'

There were those, however, who found fault with the Laureate for consenting to become Lord Tennyson. 'Not only could no fame accrue to him from a title, but it was urged that, by taking one, he was scarcely true to his own ideals, — at all events, that he did not rise to the height of his own inspiration.' I know of no better answer to this than has been made by an American and a republican. Mr. Stedman says:

> When the Laureate was raised to the peerage — a station which he twice declined in middle life — he gained some attention from the satirists, and his acceptance of rank no doubt was honestly bemoaned by many sturdy radicals. It is difficult, nevertheless, to find any violation of principle or taste in the acceptance by England's favourite and official poet of such an honour, bestowed at the climax of his years and fame. Republicans should bear in mind that the republic of letters is the only one to which Alfred Tennyson owed allegiance; that he was the 'first citizen' of an ancient monarchy, which honoured letters by gratefully conferring upon him its high traditional award. It

would be truckling for an American, loyal to his own form of government, to receive an aristocratic title from some foreign potentate. Longfellow, for example, promptly declined an order tendered him by the King of Italy. But a sense of fitness, and even patriotism, should make it easy for an Englishman, faithful to a constitutional monarchy, to accept any well-earned dignity under that system. In every country it is thought worth while for one to be the founder of his family; and in Great Britain no able man could do more for descendants, to whom he is not sure of bequeathing his talents, than by handing down a class-privilege, even though it confers no additional glory upon the original winner. Extreme British democrats, who openly or covertly wish to change the form of government, and even communists, are aware that Tennyson does not belong to their ranks. He has been a liberal conservative, — liberal in humanity and progressive thought, strictly conservative in allegiance to the national system. As for that, touch but the territory, imperil the institutions of Great Britain, and Swinburne himself — the pupil of Landor, Mazzini, and Hugo — betrays the blood in his veins. Tennyson, a liberal of the Maurice group, has been cleverly styled by Whitman a 'poet of feudalism;' he is a celebrator of the past, of sovereignty and knighthood; he is no lost leader, 'just for a ribbon' leaving some gallant cause forsworn or any song unsung. In all fairness, his acceptance of rank savours less of inconsistency than does the logic of those who rail at the world for neglect of genius, and then upbraid them both for coming to an understanding.

In the latter part of 1884 the poet published 'Becket,' the longest of his dramas, completing 'the historic trilogy.' In the dedication to the Earl of Sel-

borne, the author states that the play is 'not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre,' and no attempt has been made to put it on the stage.[1] Like its predecessors in the historical series, it is a drama for the reader and the student rather than the actor and the play-goer. Mr. J. R. Green, the historian, says that 'all his researches into the annals of the twelfth century had not given him so vivid a conception of the character of Henry II. and his court as was embodied in Tennyson's "Becket;"' and Rev. Dr. Van Dyke remarks that, 'backed by an authority like this, it is not too daring to predict that the day is coming when the study of Shakespeare's historical plays will be reckoned no more important to an understanding of English history than the study of Tennyson's Trilogy.'

Other noteworthy events in the biographical record for 1884 were the Laureate's election to the presidency of the Incorporated Society of Authors, and the marriage of his eldest son Hallam.

In 1885 'Tiresias and Other Poems' was published, — a volume as remarkable in some respects as the 'Ballads' of five years before. 'The Wreck' and 'Despair' were full of power; and 'To-morrow' and 'The Spinster's Sweet-'arts' were nowise inferior to

[1] Since this was written, 'Becket,' somewhat condensed and modified for presentation on the stage, has been brought out by Mr. Irving at the Lyceum Theatre in London and also in this country. See note on page 322 below.

the earlier poems in dialect. 'Balin and Balan,' as already stated, concluded the series of Arthurian Idylls. The dedication of the volume was as follows: —

TO MY GOOD FRIEND
ROBERT BROWNING
WHOSE GENIUS AND GENIALITY
WILL BEST APPRECIATE WHAT MAY BE BEST
AND MAKE MOST ALLOWANCE FOR WHAT MAY BE WORST
THIS VOLUME
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

During the same year, 'The Fleet' was contributed to the 'Times' (April 23), 'To H. R. H. Princess Beatrice' to the same journal (July 23), and 'Vastness' to 'Macmillan's Magazine' for November.

In 1886 'Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After,' appeared, — forty-four years after the first 'Locksley Hall' electrified the literary world. Naturally the later poem was compared with the earlier, and by many critics was pronounced the inferior of the two. They not only did no justice to it, but, as Mr. R. H. Hutton intimated in his masterly review in the 'Spectator' (December 18), it seemed doubtful whether they had carefully read it. He adds: —

> We venture to say that it is at least as fine a picture of age reviewing the phenomena of life, and reviewing them with an insight impossible to youth into all that threatens man with defeat and degradation, though of course without

any of that irrepressible elasticity of feeling which shows even by the very wildness and tumult of its despair that despair is, for it, ultimately impossible, as Tennyson's earlier poem was of youth passionately resenting the failure of its first bright hope, and yet utterly unable to repress the 'promise and potency' of its buoyant vitality. The difference between the 'Locksley Hall' of Tennyson's early poems and the 'Locksley Hall' of his latest is this, — that in the former all the melancholy is attributed to personal grief, while all the sanguine visionariness which really springs out of overflowing vitality justifies itself by dwelling on the cumulative resources of science and the arts; in the latter, the melancholy in the man, a result of ebbing vitality, justifies itself by the failure of knowledge and science to cope with the moral horrors which experience has brought to light, while the set-off against that melancholy is to be found in a real personal experience of true nobility in man and woman. Hence those who call the new 'Locksley Hall' pessimist seem to us to do injustice to that fine poem. No one can expect age to be full of the irrepressible buoyancy of youth. Now Tennyson's poem shows us these happier aspects of age, though it shows us also that exaggerated despondency in counting up the moral evils of life which is one of the consequences of dwindling vitality. Nothing could well be finer than Tennyson's picture of the despair which his hero would feel if he had nothing but 'evolution' to depend on, or than the rebuke which the speaker himself gives to that despondency when he remembers how much more than evolution there is to depend on, — how surely that has been already 'evolved' in the heart of man which, itself inexplicable, yet promises an evolution far richer and more boundless than is suggested by any physical law. The final upshot of the swaying tides of progress and retrogression, in their periodic advance and retreat, is,

he tells us, quite incalculable by us, the complexity of the forward and backward movements of the wave being beyond our grasp; and yet he is sure that there is that in us which supplies an ultimate solution of the riddle. . . . On the whole, we have here the natural pessimism of age in all its melancholy, alternating with that highest mood like 'old experience,' which, in Milton's phrase, 'doth attain to something like prophetic strain.' The various eddies caused by these positive and negative currents seem to us delineated with at least as firm a hand as that which painted the tumultuous ebb and flow of angry despair and angrier hope in the bosom of the deceived and resentful lover of sixty years since. The later 'Locksley Hall' is in the highest sense worthy of its predecessor.

And so, it seems to me, it must appear to every one who reads it aright.

In 1887 Mr. Hallam Tennyson published 'Jack and the Bean-Stalk,' a version of the familiar old child's tale in mock-heroic hexameters which are particularly good examples of that classic measure in English. I happen to know that Lord Tennyson regarded them as quite faultless in their way. The illustrations of the book are from unfinished sketches by Randolph Caldecott.

On the 20th of April in the same year (1886), the poet's younger son, Lionel, died on the voyage home from India. Reference has already been made (page 65) to the monument erected to his memory in Freshwater church. A tribute more enduring than brass or marble, and more beautiful than sculptor

could carve, is built in lofty and tender rhyme in his father's lines addressed to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, which are the dedication of 'Demeter and Other Poems,' published in 1889.

The appearance of that volume is the next noteworthy event in the biography of the Laureate. It is said that twenty thousand copies were sold within a week after it came out. As the work of an octogenarian it was every way remarkable. A writer in the 'Critic' (New York) well says of it: —

> The Laureate has been spared the touch of senility which so often comes to the poets who survive to write at the age of fourscore; there is no indication or hint of any loss of mental vigour, no sign of weariness of the world, and no token of physical infirmity: on the contrary, the poems in this volume are full of strength; and the glow of beauty, the breadth of vision, and the rare inspiration which have always been conspicuously characteristic features of his work, are here to be found undiminished. We should have to go back many years — and many volumes — to find one of Tennyson's books that is in all respects so satisfactory and enjoyable: from the first poem to the last there is an evenness of excellence in the workmanship, a clearness of expression, and above all a high-heartedness and content which are emblematic of a happy, peaceful, and thoughtful life, — a life which enables the poet to look forward with these words, —

> Twilight and evening bell,
> And after that the dark!
> And may there be no sadness of farewell
> When I embark:

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Several of the poems are written to personal friends, and one of the longest as well as most delightful — 'The Ring' — is inscribed to Mr. Lowell. The poem which gives its title to the book is addressed to Professor Jebb, the eminent Greek scholar, of whom the poet writes: —

Fair things are slow to fade away,
Bear witness you, that yesterday
From out the Ghost of Pindar in you
Roll'd an Olympian. . . .

In 'Demeter and Persephone' one renews the old-time pleasure found in 'Œnone and Ulysses,' — blank verse musical and everywhere beautiful such as only Tennyson has written. . . . The two poems which have for us the greatest charm are 'Merlin and the Gleam' and 'The Progress of Spring.' In its manner the latter reminds one of the exquisitely wrought odes of Keats.

Dr. Van Dyke regards 'Merlin and the Gleam' as 'the most important, and in some respects the most beautiful,' of Tennyson's art-poems, — a group remarkable 'for the light which they throw upon his artistic principles and tastes.' He adds: —

The wonder is that none of the critics seem to have recognised it for what it really is, — the poet's own description of his life-work, and his clear confession of faith as an idealist.

> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the Poet's dream, —

this is the 'Gleam' that Tennyson has followed. It glanced first on the world of fancy with its melodies and pictures, dancing fairies and falling torrents. Then it touched the world of humanity; and the stories of man's toil and conflict, the faces of human love and heroism, were revealed. Then it illuminated the world of imagination; and the great epic of Arthur was disclosed to the poet's vision in its spiritual meaning, the crowning of the blameless king. Then it passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and clothed it with light: —

> And broader and brighter
> The Gleam flying onward,
> Wed to the melody,
> Sang thro' the world;
> And slower and fainter,
> Old and weary,
> But eager to follow,
> I saw, whenever
> In passing it glanced upon
> Hamlet or city,
> That under the Crosses
> The dead men's garden,
> The mortal hillock
> Would break into blossom;
> And so to the land's
> Last limit I came —
> And can no longer,
> But die rejoicing,
> For thro' the Magic
> Of Him the Mighty,
> Who taught me in childhood,
> There on the border
> Of boundless Ocean,

And all but in Heaven
Hovers The Gleam.

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow 'The Gleam.'

That is the confession of a poet's faith in the Ideal. It is the cry of a prophet to the younger singers of a faithless and irresolute generation.

If 'Crossing the Bar,' which formed the epilogue to this volume, had proved, as some of us feared it might be, the 'Swan Song' of the venerable poet, it could not have been sweeter or nobler. In the words of the critic whom I have just quoted, it is 'perfect poetry, — simple even to the verge of austerity, yet rich with the suggestions of wide ocean and waning light and vesper bells; easy to understand and full of music, yet opening inward to a truth which has no words, and pointing onward to a vision which transcends all forms; it is a delight and a consolation, a song for mortal ears, and a prelude to the larger music of immortality.'

The Laureate's eightieth birthday, Aug. 6, 1889,

called forth many apt tributes both in prose and verse. From the latter I may quote here Mr. Theodore Watts's sonnet in the 'Athenæum' of August 10: —

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Another birthday breaks; he is with us still.
There, thro' the branches of the glittering trees,
The birthday sun gilds grass and flower; the breeze
Sends forth, methinks, a thrill, — a conscious thrill
That tells yon meadows by the steaming rill —
Where, o'er the clover waiting for the bees,
The mist shines round the cattle to their knees —
Another birthday breaks; he is with us still.
For Nature loves him, — loves our Tennyson:
I think of heathery Aldworth, rich and rife
With greetings of a world his song hath won;
I see him there with loving son and wife,
His fourscore years a golden orb of life:
My proud heart swells to think what he hath done.

August 6, at sunrise.

Rev. H. D. Rawnsley sent the following sonnet to 'Macmillan's Magazine' for September, 1889: —

TO LORD TENNYSON.

The fourscore years that blanch the heads of men
Touch not immortals, and we bring to-day
No flowers to twine with laurel and with bay,
Seeing the spring is with thee now, as when
Above the wold and marsh and mellowing fen
Thy song bade England listen. Powers decay,
Hands fail, eyes dim, tongues scarce their will can say,

But still Heaven's fire burns bright within thy pen.
O singer of the knightly days of old!
O ringer of the knell to lust and hate!
O bringer of new hope from memory's shrine!
When God hath set in Heaven thy harp of gold,
The souls that made this generation great
Shall own the voice that help'd their hearts was thine.

In 1890 a portrait of the Laureate, in his robes as D. C. L., by Mr. G. F. Watts, was given to Trinity College, Cambridge.

The following stanzas are from a poem by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, which appeared in the 'Atlantic Monthly' for March, 1890: —

TENNYSON.

Shakespeare and Milton — what third blazon'd name
Shall lips of after ages link to these?
His who, beside the wide-encircling seas,
Was England's voice, her voice with one acclaim,
For threescore years; whose word of praise was fame,
Whose scorn gave pause to man's iniquities.

What strain was his in that Crimean war?
A bugle-call in battle; a low breath,
Plaintive and sweet, above the fields of death!
So year by year the music roll'd afar,
From Euxine waves to flowery Kandahar,
Bearing the laurel or the cypress wreath.

Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade away
Into the darkness, poets of a day;

But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass! Thy fame in every clime
On earth shall live where Saxon speech has sway.

In 1891 the poet published nothing except 'A Song,' contributed to the 'New Review' for March. It was generally known in the latter part of the year that he was finishing another play on which he had been engaged for some time; and early in 1892 this was produced in New York by Mr. Augustin Daly, and soon afterwards published under the title of 'The Foresters, Robin Hood and Maid Marian.'

Its success on the stage in New York, and later in Boston, was of no doubtful character; and the verdict of our best dramatic critics was decidedly in its favour. Mr. William Winter, in the New York 'Tribune,' referred to it as follows: —

The realm into which this play allures its auditor is the realm of 'Ivanhoe,' — the far-off, romantic region of Sherwood Forest, in the ancient days of stout King Richard the First. It is not the England of the mine and the workshop that he represents, and neither is it the England of the trim villa and the formal landscape; it is the England of the feudal times, — of gray castle towers and armoured knights, and fat priests and wandering minstrels, and crusades and tournaments. To enter into that realm is to leave the barren world of prose; to feel again the cool, sweet winds of summer upon the brow of youth; to catch, in fitful glimpses, the shimmer of the Lincoln green in the sunlit, golden glades of the forest, and to hear the merry note of the huntsman commingled, far away, with 'horns of Elfland faintly blowing.'

For once the public is favoured with a serious poetical play, which aims simply to diffuse happiness by arousing sympathy with pleasurable scenes and picturesque persons, with virtue that is piquant and humour that is refined. The play is pastoral comedy, written partly in blank verse and partly in prose, and cast almost wholly out of doors, — in the open air and under the greenwood tree, — and, in order to stamp its character beyond doubt or question, one scene of it is frankly devoted to a convocation of fairies around Titania, their queen.

'Robin Hood' as a technical drama is frail. Its movement, indeed, is not more indolent than that of its lovely prototypes in Shakespeare, — 'As You Like It' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' With all the pastorals Time ambles. But, on the other hand, Tennyson's piece is not a match for either of those Shakespearian works, in massiveness of dramatic signification or in the element of opportunity for the art of acting. Its charm resides more in being than in doing, and therefore it is more a poem than a play, and perhaps more a picture than a poem. It is not one of those works that arouse, agitate, and impel. It aims only to create and sustain a pleased condition; and that aim it has accomplished. No spectator will be deeply moved by it, but no spectator will look at it without delight. While, however, 'Robin Hood' as a drama is frail, it is by no means destitute of the dramatic element. It depicts a central character in action, and it tells a representative love-story, — a story in which the oppressive persecutor of impoverished age is foiled and discomfited, in which faithful affection survives the test of trial, and in which days of danger end at last in days of blissful peace. . . .

The characters were creatures of flesh and blood to the author, and they come out boldly; therefore Marian Lea is a woman of the Rosalind order, — handsome, noble, magnanimous, unconventional, passionate in nature, but

sufficient unto herself, humorous, playful, and radiant with animal spirits. The chief exaction of the part is simplicity, which yet must not be allowed to degenerate into tameness. The sweet affection of a daughter for her father, the coyness yet the allurement of a girl for her lover, the refinement of high birth, the lithe bearing and free demeanour of a child of the woods, and the predominant dignity of purity and honour, — these are the salient attributes of the part. The success of the comedy is largely dependent upon the enchantment that is diffused by Marian; yet the burden of the acting is laid upon Robin. The character is a crystal of manliness, chivalry, and sentiment. Robin is brave, bluff, impetuous, humorous, ardent in his feelings, yet not inapt to muse and moralise, devoted to liberty, humane, affectionate, a faithful friend and a fearless foe.

In a kindred vein the 'Athenæum' aptly calls 'The Foresters' a 'picture-play,' — that is, 'one in which the characters themselves, although sufficiently delineated to become individualised, are really part of the scene, and could hardly exist, and could hardly have a right of existence, apart from the scene.' If we do not recognise the fact that 'The Foresters' is a work of this special kind, we are liable to misjudge it. 'While in other forms of poetic art the scene wherein takes place the movement, lyric or dramatic, must never be so obtruded as to take more than a subordinate place, — must not, howsoever beautiful and new, distract our attention from the movement of the human passion, — in scenic poetry, on the contrary, the scene, "clothed," as the feudal writers would

say, with the "people," is of equal importance with the movement of the story.' The critic goes on to say:

In every play a story there must, of course, be, or the materials would not cohere. But if the plot is too complex or too absorbing, if the incidents are too striking, if the characters in their loves and hates are too intense, then is seen that mingling of one kind of art with another which is at the root of almost every kind of artistic failure. . . .

That the plot of 'The Foresters' is purposely made slight, that the intensity of the interest and of the passion is purposely kept down in order that a true picture-play may be produced, is made manifest by the way in which the materials are laid out and manipulated by the dramatist. Certain of Lord Tennyson's poems — especially the late ones, such as 'Rizpah' and 'Happy,' where the power of touching, and even of violently disturbing, the soul is carried to the very limit permissible to art — show how strong is his hand for the strongest effects, when he considers that such effects are in harmony with the kind of poetic art in which he is at the moment working; and yet in the play before us he seems to take trouble to avoid strong effects. Take the very framework of the story, which is original. Marian's father, Sir Richard Lea, owes the Abbot of St. Mary two thousand marks — borrowed to ransom Walter Lea, Marian's brother, from Paynim slavery. The abbot's brother, the Sheriff of Nottingham, a partisan of Prince John's, offers to pay this debt and so save the estate from foreclosure, on condition that he may wed Marian, who is affianced to the Earl of Huntington (Robin Hood). Now, the ransom having already been paid, the efforts to obtain the mortgage money are inspired simply by the desire to save the land. Over and over again 'the land' is the cry, not the

brother, not the son. A *vis motrix* of this kind is no doubt sufficiently strong for a picture-play. But let us suppose that the dramatist had set out to write a play in which the movement was governed by the warring of deep emotions and passions; nothing would then have been easier than to make the quest of the two thousand marks a real source of tragic interest in which Marian's love for Robin Hood would be at struggle with her intense desire to get that money in order to ransom her brother.

The horrors of Moorish slavery sat upon the mediæval imagination like a nightmare, and no wonder. History has no darker chapter than that which records those horrors. Many a follower of Richard who would have boldly confronted death by torture would have paled at the idea of the lifelong woe of Paynim slavery. If the two thousand marks had been required, not to save the land, but to save a beloved brother, a beloved son, from the slavery in which he was known to be languishing, an intense interest would have been lent to the quest of the two thousand marks, and the warring of two deep emotions in the soul of the heroine, so important not only in tragedy, but also in tragi-comedy, would have been achieved. The plot could most easily have been so cast as to acquire that intense interest. A palmer, for instance, might have come with a message from the son, a message full of touching details of his anguish, — details of a sufficiently painful kind to awaken that deep conflict in Marian's breast between her love for Robin Hood and her love and pity for her brother at which we have hinted. There is no exaltation of passion, or even of frenzy, that the dramatist might not have got out of such a complication. And there are throughout the play many situations where the story might have been intensified had what is called 'sensation' been the quest, — situations which might have been legitimately used had the play been a tragedy or a

tragi-comedy. He whose *dramatis personæ* are outlaws (the chief of whom has to struggle for the possession of his mistress) must indeed be poor in invention if he pauses from want of strong situations. But in the 'picture-play' such a strong interest would have marred the unity of the impression — the organic harmony of the picture — as much as the introduction of an interest too absorbing for a scenic tale mars the scenic organism of 'Adam Bede.'

Early in the following October (1892) it was announced that Lord Tennyson was dangerously sick, and at 1.35 A.M. on the 7th he passed peacefully away. Sir Andrew Clark, who had remained by his old friend and patient to the last, said afterwards to a representative of the London press: 'Lord Tennyson has had a gloriously beautiful death. In all my experience I have never witnessed anything more glorious. There were no artificial lights in the chamber, and all was in darkness save for the silvery light of the moon at its full. The soft beams of light fell upon the bed, and played upon the features of the dying poet like a halo of Rembrandt.'

Dr. Dabbs, who was also in attendance, wrote thus: —

Nothing could have been more striking than the scene during the last few hours. On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently, and which he had kept by him to the end; the

moonlight; the majestic figure as he lay there 'drawing thicker breath,' — irresistibly brought to our minds his own 'Passing of King Arthur.' His last conscious words were words of love addressed to wife and son, — words too sacred to be written here.

We learn from another source that when the Shakespeare was handed to the dying poet in response to his request, he 'with his own hands turned the leaves till he had found "Cymbeline." His eyes were fixed on the pages, but whether and how much he read no one will ever know, for again he lay in dream or slumber, or let his eyes rest on the scene outside.'

On Wednesday, October 12, the poet was buried in the 'Poets' Corner' of Westminster Abbey. The London 'Times' of the next day begins its detailed account of the services as follows: —

All that was mortal of the late Poet-Laureate has been laid to rest with all honour and simplicity side by side with the dust of Chaucer, Spenser, Jonson, Dryden, Cowley, and Browning. Of the immortal memory which surely belongs to his poetry, instinct with strength, purity, grace, and music, this is not the place to speak. Yet the solemn ceremony in Westminster Abbey yesterday forms the strongest possible testimony of the national belief that the late Lord Tennyson is distinctly and emphatically one of the immortals. Inside the Abbey and without the same testimony was given in different ways. Within the walls the privileged seats were filled by an assemblage eminently representative of the whole English-speaking race. The Sovereign and the leading members of the Royal

Family had their official representatives present and sent their tributes of affection and regret; the two Archbishops were the embodiment of the Church of England. Statesmen of either party stood in common sorrow at the grave-side; medicine, the law, art, the drama, poetry, literature, science, and even the crude socialism of the day were represented by leading men, who shared in one deep feeling of general loss. For the time, doubtless, all of them felt, as they stood in mournful silence, as Tennyson felt when he wrote of the Duke of Wellington, —

The last great Englishman is low.

And their feeling was clearly shared by the seething crowd of men and women without, waiting for the Abbey doors to be opened, in the hope, not indeed of catching a passing glimpse of the ceremonial, but of hearing the music of the organ and the singing of the choir or of catching in the distance the solemn sentences of the service. Not less impressive was the throng of those who, despairing of obtaining even standing-room in the Abbey during the time while the service of burial proceeded, waited in patience without, and then, when all was over, poured in an uninterrupted stream through the doors to take one last look at the grave, and perhaps to lay near it some humble tribute of affection. In brief, the occasion was altogether unique in its grandeur and its simplicity; and the day was one deserving to be recorded, not merely by reason of its present and pathetic interest, but also as a piece of English history.

The two anthems sung at the funeral service were settings of words by the dead Laureate: the first being the beautiful 'Crossing the Bar,' set simply and impressively by Professor Bridge, the Abbey organist,

'in C major for four-part choir without accompaniment;' and the second, Lady Tennyson's musical rendering of 'The Silent Voices,' a 'gentle and expressive melody in F minor very effectively harmonised for four voices with organ accompaniment by Professor Bridge.'

Then [to quote again from the 'Times'] came the last scene at the grave-side. The clergy and the mourners and the coffin, with the pall-bearers, advanced, to the strains of Chopin's 'Marche Funèbre,' and here for the first time the Dean took part in the service, reading the committal to the grave and the prayer and collect. Close by the Dean and on his right hand were the Masters of Trinity College and of Balliol, of whom the last-named lingered long by the grave. Close to them was a little boy, a grandson of Lord Tennyson. Behind the little boy were Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Birrell. At the far end from the Dean were the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, the former upright and calm, the latter with her head bowed and closely veiled. Immediately behind them was Mr. Irving, and not far back in the throng of mourners, Mr. Lewis Morris. Behind the principal mourners, again, was the Speaker of the House of Commons. Lord Salisbury kept his original place in relation to the coffin. Soon all was over, and it was almost a relief to hear the choir singing in triumphant harmony Heber's hymn 'Holy, Holy, Holy' ('Nicæa'), which Lord Tennyson chose for his son's wedding and considered to be the most beautiful of hymns. Then, after the blessing had been said by the Dean, one mourner after another gazed long at the open grave, and left the Abbey amidst the silent crowd, while the 'Dead March' in 'Saul' came floating from the organ.

Surely we may say, as another has said, that 'Tennyson's burial was of a piece with his life, which was full of dignity and of calm and of an unbroken steadfastness. Had any verse but his own been sung over him, it could but have been the unequalled, Elysian lines of Virgil, telling how among the odorous laurels, and among "fields invested with purpureal gleams," chanting together by the waters, and crowned with snowy wreaths, are warriors and priests, and all who deserve well of mankind: —

Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti.'

The grave of the Laureate is in the aisle of the South Transept ('Poets' Corner'), near the entrance to the Royal Chapels. Next to it is the grave of Browning, with its white stone slab inscribed 'Robert Browning, 1889,' and close by is the Dryden memorial. On the other side is the slab which bears record that 'near this stone are buried Geoffrey Chaucer, 1400; Francis Beaumont, 1616; Sir John Denham, 1669; Sir Robert Moray, first President of the Royal Society, 1673; John Dryden, 1700.' Immediately above the spot is the beautiful Chaucer window, over the tomb of the poet, the incidents in the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage' being reproduced in the stained glass through which the chastened light falls on the monuments below. The busts of Longfellow and Milton are in the same corner, with the memorials of Thomas Gray, Ben Jonson, and Samuel Butler.

It was generally known before the death of Lord Tennyson that he had another volume of verse in the printer's hands; and this was published, a few weeks later, with the title, 'The Death of Œnone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems.' Mr. Lionel Johnson, in the London 'Academy' for Nov. 5, 1892, well says of it: —

Like Browning's 'Asolando,' Tennyson's posthumous volume is full of fine things, not unworthy of his prime: all varieties of Tennysonian thought and music are to be found in this little book of twenty-four poems. 'The Death of Œnone,' 'St. Telemachus,' and 'Akbar's Dream' are narrative or meditative poems in blank verse; 'The Bandit's Death' and 'Charity' are rhymed dramatic idyls; 'The Churchwarden and the Curate' is a dramatic study of Lincolnshire humours in the Lincolnshire dialect; 'Kapiolani' is a piece of savage heroism chanted in unrhymed rhythm. There are five occasional poems, three of them dedicatory, one patriotic, and one memorial; there are some eight poems of what may be termed cosmic emotion and spiritual speculation, mostly written in long and sonorous measures; three simple lyrics; and one sonnet.

It is very noticeable that Tennyson's later verse has renounced much of that rich intricacy of workmanship which used to distinguish it: the *emblema vermiculatum*, in Lucilius's phrase, — intricate mosaic-work in words, — which was at once the poet's glory and his peril, ceased to fascinate him. Like his own 'laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere,' so his verse was a marvel of dexterous, cunning craft; but it is no new reproach or heresy to dare to say that the work was sometimes over-delicate or gorgeous. His later verse was more direct in its beauty,

more classical and severe; it became more Virgilian, less Statian; less opulent, more austere. It relied more and more upon the powers of rhythm, and less upon the charms of rhyme; and while something of the old peculiar magic was lost, we were compensated by the greater simplicity and strength. No one doubts that the 'Lotos-Eaters,' 'Ulysses,' and many more of the poems which we have known for years, including some score of lyrics, will be held his greatest work; but in my judgment the books of his old age contain poems finer than any but the very finest works of his middle age and youth. . . .

There is much beauty and power in the book. . . . Even so slight a thing as 'The Journey' contains the perfect line, 'Ralph went down like a fire to the fight;' and 'The Silent Voices' are still echoing in our ears, while 'The Making of Man,' 'Faith,' and 'God and the Universe' are triumphs of rhythm and of prophetic fire, of Delphic majesty and vision. But it is of little avail to spend words upon these things just now. Under the shadow of death not even the criticism of a master would be of much value.

> Year will graze the heel of year,
> But seldom comes the poet here,
> And the Critic's rarer still!

In closing this imperfect sketch of the life and literary career of Tennyson, let me say that he seems to me one of the most fortunate of poets: fortunate in his birth and the surroundings and influences of his boyhood; fortunate in his university teachers and friends, to whom he alludes so eloquently in 'The Two Voices;' fortunate in the experiences, though

the chief of these was the loss of his dearest friend, that led to the silence of ten years, during which his genius was maturing without the necessity of his earning his bread with the pen, as many poets have been compelled to do; fortunate in later years in knowing no more of poverty (if poverty it could be called) than might suffice to give a zest to the prosperity and renown that followed; fortunate in his marriage and in his whole domestic life; fortunate in his old age, blest as it was with all that should accompany old age, 'honour, love, and troops of friends;' fortunate even in his death, which was heralded by no impairment of his powers and attended with no prolonged sickness and suffering; and fortunate in the place that posterity will accord him in the royal succession of the *great* English poets.

W. J. R.

POEMS.

Victoria.

Mezzotint by G. W. H. Ritchie.

TO THE QUEEN.

Revered, beloved — O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria, — since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Then — while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro' wild March the throstle calls,
Where all about your palace-walls
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes —

Take, Madam, this poor book of song;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
'She wrought her people lasting good;

'Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

'By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'

March, 1851.

JUVENILIA.

CLARIBEL.

A MELODY.

I.

WHERE Claribel low-lieth
  The breezes pause and die,
    Letting the rose-leaves fall:
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
    Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
  With an ancient melody
  Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

II.

At eve the beetle boometh
  Athwart the thicket lone:
At noon the wild bee hummeth
  About the moss'd headstone:

At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

NOTHING WILL DIE.

WHEN will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye?
When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky?
When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting?
When will the heart be aweary of beating?
And nature die?
Never, oh! never, nothing will die;
The stream flows,
The wind blows,
The cloud fleets,
The heart beats,
Nothing will die.

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Thro' eternity.
'T is the world's winter;
Autumn and summer

Are gone long ago;
Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring, a new comer,
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Thro' and thro',
    Here and there,
    Till the air
And the ground
Shall be fill'd with life anew.

The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade.
So let the wind range;
For even and morn
    Ever will be
    Thro' eternity.
Nothing was born;
Nothing will die;
All things will change.

ALL THINGS WILL DIE.

CLEARLY the blue river chimes in its flowing
Under my eye;
Warmly and broadly the south winds are blowing
Over the sky.
One after another the white clouds are fleeting;
Every heart this May morning in joyance is beating
Full merrily;
Yet all things must die.
The stream will cease to flow;
The wind will cease to blow;
The clouds will cease to fleet;
The heart will cease to beat;
For all things must die.
All things must die.
Spring will come never more.
Oh! vanity!
Death waits at the door.

See! our friends are all forsaking
The wine and the merrymaking.
We are call'd — we must go.
Laid low, very low,
In the dark we must lie.
The merry glees are still;
The voice of the bird
Shall no more be heard,
Nor the wind on the hill.
Oh! misery!
Hark! death is calling
While I speak to ye,
The jaw is falling,
The red cheek paling,
The strong limbs failing;
Ice with the warm blood mixing;
The eyeballs fixing.
Nine times goes the passing bell:
Ye merry souls, farewell.
The old earth
Had a birth,
As all men know,
Long ago.
And the old earth must die.

So let the warm winds range,
And the blue wave beat the shore;
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Thro' eternity.
All things were born.
Ye will come never more,
For all things must die.

LEONINE ELEGIACS.

LOW-FLOWING breezes are roaming the broad valley dimm'd in the gloaming:
Thoro' the black-stemm'd pines only the far river shines.
Creeping thro' blossomy rushes and bowers of rose-blowing bushes,
Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble and fall.
Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerly; the grass-hopper carolleth clearly;
Deeply the wood-dove coos; shrilly the owlet halloos;
Winds creep; dews fall chilly: in her first sleep earth breathes stilly:
Over the pools in the burn water-gnats murmur and mourn.
Sadly the far kine loweth: the glimmering water outfloweth:
Twin peaks shadow'd with pine slope to the dark hyaline.

Low-throned Hesper is stayed between the two peaks; but the Naiad
Throbbing in mild unrest holds him beneath in her breast.
The ancient poetess singeth, that Hesperus all things bringeth,
Smoothing the wearied mind: bring me my love, Rosalind.
Thou comest morning or even; she cometh not morning or even.
False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my sweet Rosalind?

SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND.

O GOD! my God! have mercy now.
I faint, I fall. Men say that Thou
Didst die for me, for such as *me*,
Patient of ill, and death, and scorn,
And that my sin was as a thorn
Among the thorns that girt Thy brow,
Wounding Thy soul. — That even now,
In this extremest misery
Of ignorance, I should require
A sign! and if a bolt of fire
Would rive the slumbrous summer noon
While I do pray to Thee alone,
Think my belief would stronger grow!
Is not my human pride brought low?
The boastings of my spirit still?
The joy I had in my freewill

All cold, and dead, and corpse-like grown?
And what is left to me, but Thou,
And faith in Thee? Men pass me by;
Christians with happy countenances —
And children all seem full of Thee!
And women smile with saint-like glances
Like Thine own mother's when she bow'd
Above Thee, on that happy morn
When angels spake to men aloud,
And Thou and peace to earth were born.
Goodwill to me as well as all —
I one of them: my brothers they:
Brothers in Christ — a world of peace
And confidence, day after day;
And trust and hope till things should cease,
And then one Heaven receive us all.

How sweet to have a common faith!
To hold a common scorn of death!
And at a burial to hear
The creaking cords which wound and eat
Into my human heart, whene'er
Earth goes to earth, with grief, not fear,
With hopeful grief, were passing sweet!

Thrice happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee!
Who lets his rosy fingers play
About his mother's neck, and knows
Nothing beyond his mother's eyes.
They comfort him by night and day;
They light his little life alway;
He hath no thought of coming woes;
He hath no care of life or death;
Scarce outward signs of joy arise,
Because the Spirit of happiness
And perfect rest so inward is;
And loveth so his innocent heart
Her temple and her place of birth,
Where she would ever wish to dwell,
Life of the fountain there, beneath
Its salient springs, and far apart,
Hating to wander out on earth,
Or breathe into the hollow air,
Whose chillness would make visible
Her subtil, warm, and golden breath,
Which, mixing with the infant's blood,
Fulfils him with beatitude.
Oh! sure it is a special care

Of God, to fortify from doubt,
To arm in proof, and guard about
With triple-mailed trust, and clear
Delight, the infant's dawning year.

Would that my gloomed fancy were
As thine, my mother, when with brows
Propt on thy knees, my hands upheld
In thine, I listen'd to thy vows,
For me outpour'd in holiest prayer —
For me unworthy! — and beheld
Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that knew
The beauty and repose of faith,
And the clear spirit shining thro'.
Oh! wherefore do we grow awry
From roots which strike so deep? why dare
Paths in the desert? Could not I
Bow myself down, where thou hast knelt,
To the earth — until the ice would melt
Here, and I feel as thou hast felt?
What Devil had the heart to scathe
Flowers thou hadst rear'd — to brush the dew
From thine own lily, when thy grave
Was deep, my mother, in the clay?

Myself? Is it thus? Myself? Had I
So little love for thee? But why
Prevail'd not thy pure prayers? Why pray
To one who heeds not, who can save
But will not? Great in faith, and strong
Against the grief of circumstance
Wert thou, and yet unheard. What if
Thou pleadest still, and seest me drive
Thro' utter dark a full-sail'd skiff,
Unpiloted i' the echoing dance
Of reboant whirlwinds, stooping low
Unto the death, not sunk! I know,
At matins and at evensong,
That thou, if thou wert yet alive,
In deep and daily prayers would'st strive
To reconcile me with thy God.
Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold
At heart, thou wouldest murmur still —
'Bring this lamb back into Thy fold,
My Lord, if so it be Thy will;'
Would'st tell me I must brook the rod
And chastisement of human pride;
That pride, the sin of devils, stood
Betwixt me and the light of God;

That hitherto I had defied
And had rejected God; that grace
Would drop from His o'er-brimming love,
As manna on my wilderness,
If I would pray; that God would move
And strike the hard, hard rock, and thence,
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence
Which would keep green hope's life. Alas!
I think that pride hath now no place
Nor sojourn in me. I am void,
Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then? Why not yet
Anchor thy frailty there, where man
Hath moor'd and rested? Ask the sea
At midnight, when the crisp slope waves
After a tempest, rib and fret
The broad-imbased beach, why he
Slumbers not like a mountain tarn?
Wherefore his ridges are not curls
And ripples of an inland mere?
Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can
Draw down into his vexed pools

All that blue heaven which hues and paves
The other? I am too forlorn,
Too shaken: my own weakness fools
My judgment, and my spirit whirls,
Moved from beneath with doubt and fear.

'Yet,' said I, in my morn of youth,
The unsunn'd freshness of my strength,
When I went forth in quest of truth,
'It is man's privilege to doubt,
If so be that from doubt at length
Truth may stand forth unmoved of change,
An image with profulgent brows,
And perfect limbs, as, from the storm
Of running fires and fluid range
Of lawless airs, at last stood out
This excellence and solid form
Of constant beauty. For the ox
Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills
The horned valleys all about,
And hollows of the fringed hills
In summer heats, with placid lows
Unfearing, till his own blood flows
About his hoof. And in the flocks

The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And raceth freely with his fere,
And answers to his mother's calls
From the flower'd furrow. In a time,
Of which he wots not, run short pains
Thro' his warm heart; and then, from whence
He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow; and his native slope,
Where he was wont to leap and climb,
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forehead earthward, and he dies.
Shall man live thus, in joy and hope
As a young lamb, who cannot dream,
Living, but that he shall live on?
Shall we not look into the laws
Of life and death, and things that seem,
And things that be, and analyse
Our double nature, and compare
All creeds till we have found the one,
If one there be?' Ay me! I fear
All may not doubt, but everywhere
Some must clasp Idols. Yet, my God,
Whom call I Idol? Let Thy dove

Shadow me over, and my sins
Be unremember'd, and Thy love
Enlighten me. Oh! teach me yet
Somewhat before the heavy clod
Weighs on me, and the busy fret
Of that sharp-headed worm begins
In the gross blackness underneath.

O weary life! O weary death!
O spirit and heart made desolate!
O damned vacillating state!

THE KRAKEN.

BELOW the thunders of the upper deep,
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides: above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell
Unnumber'd and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering green.
There hath he lain for ages and will lie
Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
Then once by man and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

SONG.

THE winds, as at their hour of birth,
Leaning upon the ridged sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
With mellow preludes, 'We are free.'

The streams through many a lilied row
Down-carolling to the crisped sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
Atween the blossoms, 'We are free.'

LILIAN.

I.

AIRY, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She 'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

II.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks:
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.

III.

Prythee weep, May Lilian!
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian:
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth:
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

IV.

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

Airy, Fairy Lilian.

LILIAN.

Photo-Etching from Painting by Maud Humphrey.

ISABEL.

I.

Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit; locks not wide-dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

II.

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
The laws of marriage character'd in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

III.

The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon;
A clear stream flowing with a muddy one,
Till in its onward current it absorbs
With swifter movement and in purer light
The vexed eddies of its wayward brother:

A leaning and upbearing parasite,
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite
With cluster'd flower-bells and ambrosial orbs
Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each other —
Shadow forth thee: — the world hath not another
(Tho' all her fairest forms are types of thee,
And thou of God in thy great charity)
Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

MARIANA.

'Mariana in the moated grange.'
Measure for Measure.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.

After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,

And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, 'I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!'

TO ——.

I.

CLEAR-HEADED friend, whose joyful scorn,
Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain
The knots that tangle human creeds,
The wounding cords that bind and strain
The heart until it bleeds,
Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn
Roof not a glance so keen as thine:
If aught of prophecy be mine,
Thou wilt not live in vain.

II.

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit;
Falsehood shall bare her plaited brow:
Fair-fronted Truth shall droop not now
With shrilling shafts of subtle wit.
Nor martyr-flames, nor trenchant swords
Can do away that ancient lie;
A gentler death shall Falsehood die,
Shot thro' and thro' with cunning words.

III.

Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch,
  Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need,
  Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch
  Those writhed limbs of lightning speed;
Like that strange angel which of old,
  Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wandering Israel,
  Past Yabbok brook the livelong night,
And heaven's mazed signs stood still
In the dim tract of Penuel.

MADELINE.

I.

THOU art not steep'd in golden languors,
No tranced summer calm is thine,
Ever varying Madeline.
Thro' light and shadow thou dost range,
Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of flitting change.

II.

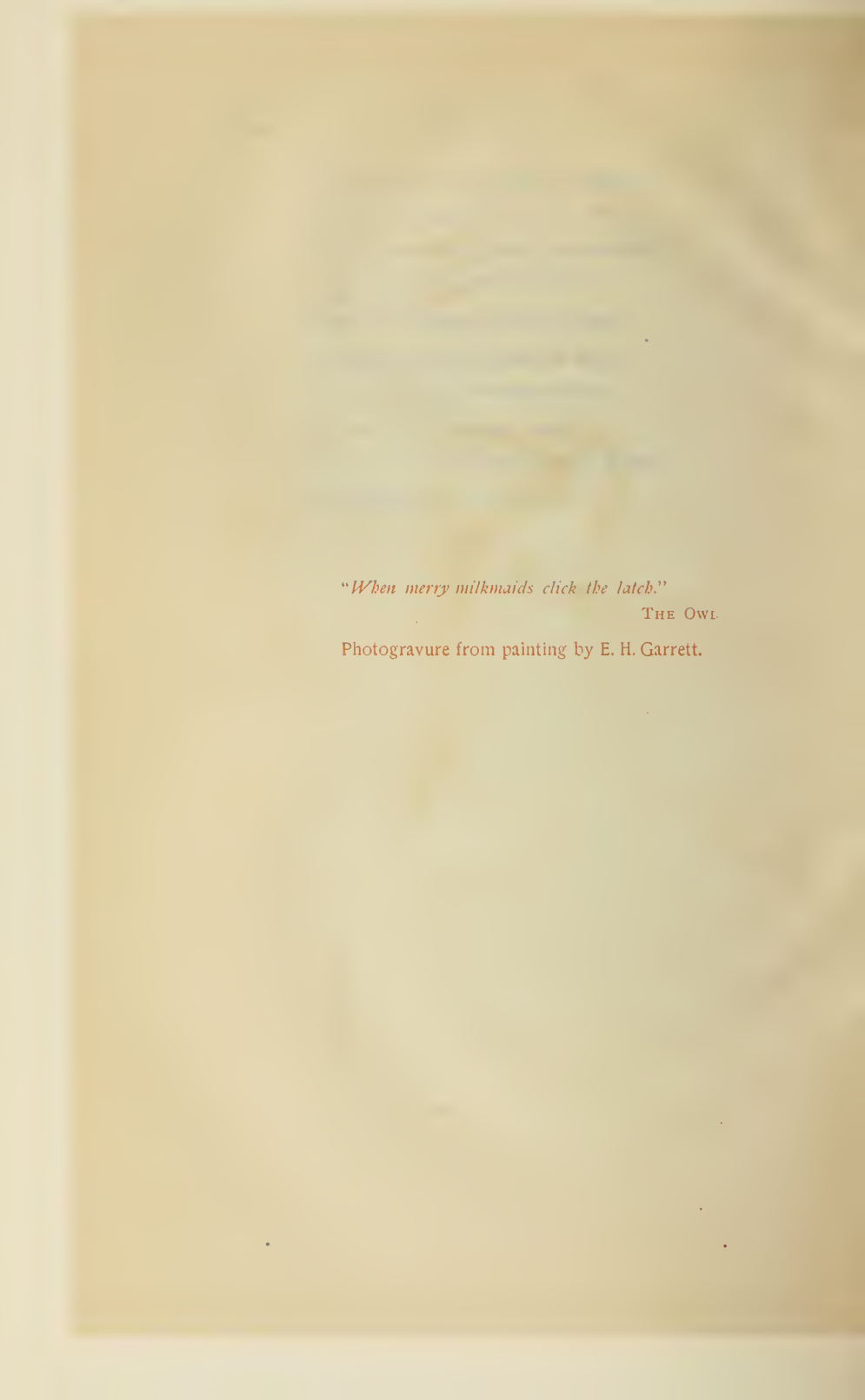
Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore.
Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles: but who may know
Whether smile or frown be fleeter?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?
Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow

Light-glooming over eyes divine,
Like little clouds sun-fringed, are thine,
Ever varying Madeline.
Thy smile and frown are not aloof
  From one another,
  Each to each is dearest brother;
Hues of the silken sheeny woof
  Momently shot into each other.
All the mystery is thine;
  Smiling, frowning, evermore,
  Thou art perfect in love-lore,
Ever varying Madeline.

III.

A subtle, sudden flame,
  By veering passion fann'd,
About thee breaks and dances:
  When I would kiss thy hand,
The flush of anger'd shame
O'erflows thy calmer glances,
And o'er black brows drops down
A sudden-curved frown:
But when I turn away,
Thou, willing me to stay,

Wooest not, nor vainly wranglest;
But, looking fixedly the while,
All my bounding heart entanglest
In a golden-netted smile;
Then in madness and in bliss,
If my lips should dare to kiss
Thy taper fingers amorously,
Again thou blushest angerly;
And o'er black brows drops down
A sudden-curved frown.



"*When merry milkmaids click the latch.*"

THE OWL.

Photogravure from painting by E. H. Garrett.

SONG — THE OWL.

I.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

II.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG.

TO THE SAME.

I.

THY tuwhits are lull'd, I wot,
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which upon the dark afloat,
So took echo with delight,
So took echo with delight,
That her voice untuneful grown,
Wears all day a fainter tone.

II.

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
But I cannot mimick it;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthen'd loud halloo,
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
  The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
  For it was in the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue:
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,

Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And broider'd sofas on each side:
In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moon-lit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the water slept.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I enter'd, from the clearer light,
Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,

Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome
  Of hollow boughs. — A goodly time,
  For it was in the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillets musical,
Thro' little crystal arches low
Down from the central fountain's flow
Fallen silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
  A goodly place, a goodly time,
  For it was in the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above thro' many a bowery turn
A walk with vary-colour'd shells
Wander'd engrain'd. On either side
All round about the fragrant marge
From fluted vase, and brazen urn
In order, eastern flowers large,

Some dropping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide
With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung;
Not he: but something which possess'd
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots
Slumber'd: the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwoo'd of summer wind:
A sudden splendour from behind
Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,
And, flowing rapidly between

Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond-plots
  Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
  For it was in the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid,
Grew darker from that under-flame:
So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came
Upon me, as in sleep I sank
In cool soft turf upon the bank,
  Entranced with that place and time,
  So worthy of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn —
A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round

The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
Graven with emblems of the time,
In honour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazed vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
After the fashion of the time,
And humour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers look'd to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd

"Gazed on the Persian girl alone."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Etching from Painting by W. St. John Harper.

Upon the mooned domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
  Of night new-risen, that marvellous time
  To celebrate the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
  The sweetest lady of the time,
  Well worthy of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropt a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd

With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him — in his golden prime,
THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID.

ODE TO MEMORY.

ADDRESSED TO ——.

I.

THOU who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present, oh! haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

II.

Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day; but robed in soften'd light
Of orient state.
Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
Even as a maid, whose stately brow
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd,
When she, as thou,
Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight

Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
Which in wintertide shall star
The black earth with brilliance rare.

III.

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast
(Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind
Never grow sere,
When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the year).
Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope.
The eddying of her garments caught from thee
The light of thy great presence; and the cope
Of the half-attain'd futurity,
Tho' deep not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million stars which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's distress;

"*Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope.*"

ODE TO MEMORY.

Photo-Etching from Painting by Maud Humphrey.

For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful:
Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
Listening the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years.
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

IV.

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest Memory!
Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
Which ever sounds and shines,
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:
Come from the woods that belt the gray hillside,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,

Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland,
O hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

V.

Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present
When first she is wed;
And like a bride of old
In triumph led,
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment

With royal frame-work of wrought gold;
Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,
And foremost in thy various gallery
Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls
Upon the storied walls;
For the discovery
And newness of thine art so pleased thee,
That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
Or boldest since, but lightly weighs
With thee unto the love thou bearest
The first-born of thy genius. Artist-like,
Ever retiring thou dost gaze
On the prime labour of thine early days:
No matter what the sketch might be;
Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
Or even a sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous
marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky;

Or a garden bower'd close
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender:
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,
From weary wind,
With youthful fancy re-inspired,
We may hold converse with all forms
Of the many-sided mind,
And those whom passion hath not blinded,
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

My friend, with you to live alone,
Were how much better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!

O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

SONG.

I.

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

II.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,

And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

"And like a bride of old
In triumph led."

ODE TO MEMORY.

Photogravure from painting by Louis Meynelle.

A CHARACTER.

WITH a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, 'The wanderings
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of things,' —
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty: that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then looking as 't were in a glass,
He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

He spake of virtue: not the gods
More purely, when they wish to charm
Pallas and Juno sitting by:
And with a sweeping of the arm,
And a lack-lustre dead-blue eye,
Devolved his rounded periods.

Most delicately hour by hour
He canvass'd human mysteries,
And trod on silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes,
And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power.

With lips depress'd as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold:
Upon himself himself did feed:
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

THE POET.

THE poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire.
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd,
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning eyes
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
Sunn'd by those orient skies;
But round about the circles of the globes
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame
WISDOM, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power, — a sacred name.
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
And as the lightning to the thunder
Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word
She shook the world.

THE POET'S MIND.

I.

VEX not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river;
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

II.

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear;
All the place is holy ground;
Hollow smile and frozen sneer
Come not here.
Holy water will I pour
Into every spicy flower
Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it around.
The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer.

In your eye there is death,
There is frost in your breath
Which would blight the plants.
Where you stand you cannot hear
From the groves within
The wild-bird's din.
In the heart of the garden the merry bird chants.
It would fall to the ground if you came in.
In the middle leaps a fountain
Like sheet lightning,
Ever brightening
With a low melodious thunder;
All day and all night it is ever drawn
From the brain of the purple mountain
Which stands in the distance yonder:
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,
And the mountain draws it from Heaven above,
And it sings a song of undying love;
And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and full,
You never would hear it, your ears are so dull;
So keep where you are: you are foul with sin;
It would shrink to the earth if you came in.

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold; and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly
no more.
Whither away from the high green field, and the
happy blossoming shore?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea:
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea:

O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me:
Hither, come hither and frolic and play;
Here it is only the mew that wails;
We will sing to you all the day:
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
Hither, come hither and see;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be:
O hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet
words:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten

When the sharp clear twang of the golden
chords
Runs up the ridged sea.
Who can light on as happy a shore
All the world o'er, all the world o'er?
Whither away? listen and stay: mariner, mari-
ner, fly no more.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

I.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

II.

All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

III.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

IV.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

V.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell,
But in a city glorious —
A great and distant city — have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!

THE DYING SWAN.

I.

THE plain was grassy, wild, and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

II.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;

Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

III.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.

And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

A DIRGE.

I.

NOW is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

II.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

III.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

IV.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.
Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

V.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep,
Bramble roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.
Let them rave.

These in every shower creep
Thro' the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

VI.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine,
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broidry of the purple clover.
Let them rave.
Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

VII.

Wild words wander here and there:
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused:
But let them rave.
The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes;
When, turning round a cassia, full in view,
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight:
'You must begone,' said Death, 'these walks are mine.'
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight,
Yet ere he parted said, 'This hour is thine:
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all.'

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana:
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana:
She watch'd my crest among them all,
Oriana:
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana:

The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana!
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana!

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana.
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
Oriana.
Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepen'd in its place,
Oriana;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana!
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana?
How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana —
They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana!
O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana!
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana:
What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana?

I cry aloud: none hear my cries,
Oriana.
Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.
I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana.
Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

O cursed hand! O cursed blow!
Oriana!
O happy thou that liest low,
Oriana!

All night the silence seems to flow
Beside me in my utter woe,
Oriana.
A weary, weary way I go,
Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
Oriana,
I walk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.
Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
I dare not die and come to thee,
Oriana.
I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

TWO children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-
tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

THE MERMAN.

I.

WHO would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

II.

I would be a merman bold;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;
And holding them back by their flowing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me

Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away, away
To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

III.

There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us afar —
Low thunder and light in the magic night —
Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other and whoop and cry
All night, merrily, merrily;
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands between,
All night, merrily, merrily:
But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis and agate and almondine:
Then leaping out upon them unseen
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me

Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea;
We would live merrily, merrily.

"Who would be
A Mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair?"

THE MERMAID.

Photo-Etching from Painting by F. S. Church.

THE MERMAID.

I.

WHO would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

II.

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
'Who is it loves me? who loves not me?'
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown

Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me;
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III.

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,

Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the
sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

ADELINE.

I.

MYSTERY of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair
With thy floating flaxen hair;
Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast.
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

II.

Whence that aery bloom of thine,
Like a lily which the sun
Looks thro' in his sad decline,
And a rose-bush leans upon,
Thou that faintly smilest still,
As a Naiad in a well,

Looking at the set of day,
Or a phantom two hours old
Of a maiden past away,
Ere the placid lips be cold?
Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,
Spiritual Adeline?

III.

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone.
Do beating hearts of salient springs
Keep measure with thine own?
Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their wings?
Or in stillest evenings
With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou look'd upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?

Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

IV.

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,
Some spirit of a crimson rose
In love with thee forgets to close
His curtains, wasting odorous sighs
All night long on darkness blind.
What aileth thee? whom waitest thou
With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow,
And those dew-lit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?

V.

Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side of the morn,
Dripping with Sabæan spice
On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs lovelorn,
Breathing Light against thy face,

While his locks a-drooping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring
Make a carcanet of rays,
  And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith Spring
  Letters cowslips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine,
Spiritual Adeline.

MARGARET.

I.

O SWEET pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?
From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
From all things outward you have won
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun.
The very smile before you speak,
That dimples your transparent cheek,
Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
The senses with a still delight

Of dainty sorrow without sound,
Like the tender amber round
Which the moon about her spreadeth,
Moving thro' a fleecy night.

II.

You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life.
Your spirit is the calmed sea,
Laid by the tumult of the fight.
You are the evening star, alway
Remaining betwixt dark and bright:
Lull'd echoes of laborious day
Come to you, gleams of mellow light
Float by you on the verge of night.

III.

What can it matter, Margaret,
What songs below the waning stars
The lion-heart, Plantagenet,
Sang looking thro' his prison bars?
Exquisite Margaret, who can tell
The last wild thought of Chatelet,

Just ere the falling axe did part
The burning brain from the true heart,
Even in her sight he loved so well?

IV.

A fairy shield your Genius made
And gave you on your natal day.
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away.
You move not in such solitudes,
You are not less divine,
But more human in your moods,
Than your twin-sister, Adeline.
Your hair is darker, and your eyes
Touch'd with a somewhat darker hue,
And less aërially blue,
But ever trembling thro' the dew
Of dainty-woeful sympathies.

V.

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
Come down, come down, and hear me speak:
Tie up the ringlets on your cheek:

The sun is just about to set,
The arching limes are tall and shady,
And faint, rainy lights are seen,
Moving in the leavy beech.
Rise from the feast of sorrow, lady,
Where all day long you sit between
Joy and woe, and whisper each.
Or only look across the lawn,
Look out below your bower-eaves,
Look down, and let your blue eyes dawn
Upon me thro' the jasmine-leaves.

ROSALIND.

I.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
My frolic falcon, with bright eyes,
Whose free delight, from any height of rapid flight,
Stoops at all game that wing the skies,
My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
My bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon, whither,
Careless both of wind and weather,
Whither fly ye, what game spy ye,
Up or down the streaming wind?

II.

The quick lark's closest-caroll'd strains,
The shadow rushing up the sea,
The lightning flash atween the rains,
The sunlight driving down the lea,
The leaping stream, the very wind,
That will not stay, upon his way,
To stoop the cowslip to the plains,

Is not so clear and bold and free
As you, my falcon Rosalind.
You care not for another's pains,
Because you are the soul of joy,
Bright metal all without alloy.
Life shoots and glances thro' your veins,
And flashes off a thousand ways,
Thro' lips and eyes in subtle rays.
Your hawk-eyes are keen and bright,
Keen with triumph, watching still
To pierce me thro' with pointed light;
But oftentimes they flash and glitter
Like sunshine on a dancing rill,
And your words are seeming-bitter,
Sharp and few, but seeming-bitter
From excess of swift delight.

III.

Come down, come home, my Rosalind,
My gay young hawk, my Rosalind:
Too long you keep the upper skies;
Too long you roam and wheel at will;
But we must hood your random eyes,
That care not whom they kill,

And your cheek, whose brilliant hue
Is so sparkling-fresh to view,
Some red heath-flower in the dew,
Touch'd with sunrise. We must bind
And keep you fast, my Rosalind,
Fast, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind,
And clip your wings, and make you love:
When we have lured you from above,
And that delight of frolic flight, by day or night,
From North to South,
We 'll bind you fast in silken cords,
And kiss away the bitter words
From off your rosy mouth.

ELEÄNORE.

I.

THY dark eyes open'd not,
Nor first reveal'd themselves to English air,
For there is nothing here
Which, from the outward to the inward brought,
Moulded thy baby thought.
Far off from human neighbourhood,
Thou wert born, on a summer morn,
A mile beneath the cedar-wood.
Thy bounteous forehead was not fann'd
With breezes from our oaken glades,
But thou wert nursed in some delicious land
Of lavish lights and floating shades:
And flattering thy childish thought
The oriental fairy brought,
At the moment of thy birth,
From old well-heads of haunted rills,
And the hearts of purple hills,

And shadow'd coves on a sunny shore,
The choicest wealth of all the earth,
Jewel or shell, or starry ore,
To deck thy cradle, Eleänore.

II.

Or the yellow-banded bees,
Thro' half-open lattices
Coming in the scented breeze,
Fed thee, a child, lying alone,
With whitest honey in fairy gardens cull'd, —
A glorious child, dreaming alone,
In silk-soft folds, upon yielding down,
With the hum of swarming bees
Into dreamful slumber lull'd.

III.

Who may minister to thee?
Summer herself should minister
To thee, with fruitage golden-rinded
On golden salvers, or it may be,
Youngest Autumn, in a bower
Grape-thicken'd from the light, and blinded
With many a deep-hued bell-like flower

Of fragrant trailers, when the air
Sleepeth over all the heaven,
And the crag that fronts the Even,
All along the shadowing shore,
Crimsons over an inland mere,
Eleänore!

IV.

How may full-sail'd verse express,
How may measured words adore
The full-flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness,
Eleänore?
The luxuriant symmetry
Of thy floating gracefulness,
Eleänore?
Every turn and glance of thine,
Every lineament divine,
Eleänore,
And the steady sunset glow,
That stays upon thee? For in thee
Is nothing sudden, nothing single;
Like two streams of incense free
From one censer in one shrine,
Thought and motion mingle,

Mingle ever. Motions flow
To one another, even as tho'
They were modulated so
To an unheard melody,
Which lives about thee, and a sweep
Of richest pauses, evermore
Drawn from each other mellow-deep;
Who may express thee, Eleänore?

V.

I stand before thee, Eleänore;
I see thy beauty gradually unfold,
Daily and hourly, more and more.
I muse, as in a trance, the while
Slowly, as from a cloud of gold,
Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile.
I muse, as in a trance, whene'er
The languors of thy love-deep eyes
Float on to me. I would I were
So tranced, so rapt in ecstasies,
To stand apart, and to adore,
Gazing on thee for evermore,
Serene, imperial Eleänore!

VI.

Sometimes, with most intensity
Gazing, I seem to see
Thought folded over thought, smiling asleep,
Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and deep
In thy large eyes, that, overpower'd quite,
I cannot veil, or droop my sight,
But am as nothing in its light:
As tho' a star, in inmost heaven set,
Even while we gaze on it,
Should slowly round his orb, and slowly grow
To a full face, there like a sun remain
Fix'd — then as slowly fade again,
And draw itself to what it was before;
So full, so deep, so slow,
Thought seems to come and go
In thy large eyes, imperial Eleänore.

VII.

As thunder-clouds that, hung on high,
Roof'd the world with doubt and fear,
Floating thro' an evening atmosphere,
Grow golden all about the sky;

In thee all passion becomes passionless,
Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness,
Losing his fire and active might
In a silent meditation,
Falling into a still delight,
And luxury of contemplation:
As waves that up a quiet cove
Rolling slide, and lying still
Shadow forth the banks at will;
Or sometimes they swell and move,
Pressing up against the land,
With motions of the outer sea:
And the selfsame influence
Controlleth all the soul and sense
Of Passion gazing upon thee.
His bow-string slacken'd, languid Love,
Leaning his cheek upon his hand,
Droops both his wings, regarding thee,
And so would languish evermore,
Serene, imperial Eleänore.

VIII.

But when I see thee roam, with tresses unconfined,
While the amorous, odorous wind

Breathes low between the sunset and the moon;
Or, in a shadowy saloon,
On silken cushions half reclined;
I watch thy grace; and in its place
My heart a charmed slumber keeps,
While I muse upon thy face;
And a languid fire creeps
Thro' my veins to all my frame,
Dissolvingly and slowly: soon
From thy rose-red lips MY name
Floweth; and then, as in a swoon,
With dinning sound my ears are rife,
My tremulous tongue faltereth,
I lose my colour, I lose my breath,
I drink the cup of a costly death,
Brimm'd with delirious draughts of warmest life.
I die with my delight, before
I hear what I would hear from thee;
Yet tell my name again to me,
I *would* be dying evermore,
So dying ever, Eleänore.

I.

My life is full of weary days,
But good things have not kept aloof,
Nor wander'd into other ways:
I have not lack'd thy mild reproof,
Nor golden largess of thy praise.

And now shake hands across the brink
Of that deep grave to which I go:
Shake hands once more: I cannot sink
So far — far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below.

II.

When in the darkness over me
The four-handed mole shall scrape,
Plant thou no dusky cypress-tree,
Nor wreathe thy cap with doleful crape,
But pledge me in the flowing grape.

And when the sappy field and wood
  Grow green beneath the showery gray,
And rugged barks begin to bud,
  And thro' damp holts new-flush'd with may
  Ring sudden scritches of the jay,

Then let wise Nature work her will,
  And on my clay her darnel grow;
Come only when the days are still,
  And at my headstone whisper low,
  And tell me if the woodbines blow.

EARLY SONNETS.

I.

TO ——.

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude,
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, 'All this hath been before,
All this hath been, I know not when or where;'
So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,
Our thought gave answer each to each, so true —
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each —
That tho' I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And either lived in either's heart and speech.

II.

TO J. M. K.

My hope and heart is with thee — thou wilt be
A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest
To scare church-harpies from the master's feast;
Our dusted velvets have much need of thee:
Thou art no sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily;
But spurr'd at heart with fieriest energy
To embattail and to wall about thy cause
With iron-worded proof, hating to hark
The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone
Half God's good sabbath, while the worn-out clerk
Brow-beats his desk below. Thou from a throne
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark.

III.

MINE be the strength of spirit, full and free,
Like some broad river rushing down alone,
With the selfsame impulse wherewith he was thrown
From his loud fount upon the echoing lea;
Which with increasing might doth forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle,
And in the middle of the green salt sea
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.
Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow;
Even as the warm gulf-stream of Florida
Floats far away into the Northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico.

IV.

ALEXANDER.

WARRIOR of God, whose strong right arm debased
The throne of Persia, when her Satrap bled
At Issus by the Syrian gates, or fled
Beyond the Memmian naphtha-pits, disgraced
For ever — thee (thy pathway sand-erased)
Gliding with equal crowns two serpents led
Joyful to that palm-planted fountain-fed
Ammonian Oasis in the waste.
There in a silent shade of laurel brown
Apart the Chamian Oracle divine
Shelter'd his unapproached mysteries:
High things were spoken there, unhanded down;
Only they saw thee from the secret shrine
Returning with hot cheek and kindled eyes.

V.

BUONAPARTE.

HE thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
Madman! — to chain with chains, and bind with bands
That island queen who sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,
When from her wooden walls, — lit by sure hands, —
With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,
Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands.
We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
Heard the war moan along the distant sea,
Rocking with shatter'd spars, with sudden fires
Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once more
We taught him: late he learned humility
Perforce, like those whom Gideon school'd with briers.

VI.

POLAND.

How long, O God, shall men be ridden down,
And trampled under by the last and least
Of men? The heart of Poland hath not ceased
To quiver, tho' her sacred blood doth drown
The fields, and out of every smouldering town
Cries to Thee, lest brute Power be increased,
Till that o'ergrown Barbarian in the East
Transgress his ample bound to some new crown, —
Cries to Thee, 'Lord, how long shall these things be?
How long this icy-hearted Muscovite
Oppress the region?' Us, O Just and Good,
Forgive, who smiled when she was torn in three;
Us, who stand now, when we should aid the right, —
A matter to be wept with tears of blood!

VII.

CARESS'D or chidden by the slender hand,
And singing airy trifles this or that,
Light Hope at Beauty's call would perch and stand,
And run thro' every change of sharp and flat;
And Fancy came and at her pillow sat,
When Sleep had bound her in his rosy band,
And chased away the still-recurring gnat,
And woke her with a lay from fairy-land.
But now they live with Beauty less and less,
For Hope is other Hope and wanders far,
Nor cares to lisp in love's delicious creeds;
And Fancy watches in the wilderness,
Poor Fancy sadder than a single star,
That sets at twilight in a land of reeds.

VIII.

THE form, the form alone is eloquent!
A nobler yearning never broke her rest
Than but to dance and sing, be gaily drest,
And win all eyes with all accomplishment:
Yet in the whirling dances as we went,
My fancy made me for a moment blest
To find my heart so near the beauteous breast
That once had power to rob it of content.
A moment came the tenderness of tears,
The phantom of a wish that once could move,
A ghost of passion that no smiles restore —
For ah! the slight coquette, she cannot love,
And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years,
She still would take the praise, and care no more.

IX.

WAN Sculptor, weepest thou to take the cast
Of those dead lineaments that near thee lie?
O sorrowest thou, pale Painter, for the past,
In painting some dead friend from memory?
Weep on: beyond his object Love can last:
His object lives: more cause to weep have I:
My tears, no tears of love, are flowing fast,
No tears of love, but tears that Love can die.
I pledge her not in any cheerful cup,
Nor care to sit beside her where she sits —
Ah pity! — hint it not in human tones,
But breathe it into earth and close it up
With secret death for ever, in the pits
Which some green Christmas crams with weary bones.

X.

If I were loved, as I desire to be,
What is there in the great sphere of the earth,
And range of evil between death and birth,
That I should fear, — if I were loved by thee?
All the inner, all the outer world of pain
Clear Love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert
mine,
As I have heard that, somewhere in the main,
Fresh-water springs come up through bitter
brine.
'T were joy, not fear, claspt hand-in-hand with
thee,
To wait for death — mute — careless of all ills,
Apart upon a mountain, tho' the surge
Of some new deluge from a thousand hills
Flung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge
Below us, as far on as eye could see.

XI.

THE BRIDESMAID.

O BRIDESMAID, ere the happy knot was tied,
Thine eyes so wept that they could hardly see;
Thy sister smiled and said, 'No tears for me!
A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride.'
And then, the couple standing side by side,
Love lighted down between them full of glee,
And over his left shoulder laugh'd at thee,
'O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride!'
And all at once a pleasant truth I learn'd,
For while the tender service made thee weep,
I loved thee for the tear thou couldst not hide,
And prest thy hand, and knew the press return'd,
And thought, 'My life is sick of single sleep:
O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride!'

THE LADY OF SHALOTT,

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, 'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'

PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,

Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot;
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot;
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse,
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance,
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —

The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott, —

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, ' She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

WITH one black shadow at its feet,
The house thro' all the level shines,
Close-latticed to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines;
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
An empty river-bed before,
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlets bright.
But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,
And 'Ave Mary,' night and morn,
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn!'

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown

To left and right, and made appear,
Still-lighted in a secret shrine,
Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.
And 'Ave Mary,' was her moan,
'Madonna, sad is night and morn,'
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn!'

Till all the crimson changed, and past
Into deep orange o'er the sea,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
Before Our Lady murmur'd she,
Complaining, 'Mother, give me grace
To help me of my weary load;'
And on the liquid mirror glow'd
The clear perfection of her face.
'Is this the form,' she made her moan,
'That won his praises night and morn?'
And 'Ah,' she said, 'but I wake alone,
I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn!'

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,
Nor any cloud would cross the vault,

But day increased from heat to heat,
  On stony drought and steaming salt;
Till now at noon she slept again,
  And seem'd knee-deep in mountain grass,
  And heard her native breezes pass,
And runlets babbling down the glen.
    She breathed in sleep a lower moan,
      And murmuring, as at night and morn,
    She thought, 'My spirit is here alone,
      Walks forgotten, and is forlorn.'

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream;
  She felt he was and was not there.
She woke: the babble of the stream
  Fell, and, without, the steady glare
Shrank one sick willow sere and small.
  The river-bed was dusty-white;
  And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall.
    She whisper'd, with a stifled moan
      More inward than at night or morn,
    'Sweet Mother, let me not here alone
      Live forgotten and die forlorn.'

And, rising, from her bosom drew
Old letters, breathing of her worth,
For 'Love,' they said, 'must needs be true,
To what is loveliest upon earth.'
An image seem'd to pass the door,
To look at her with slight, and say,
'But now thy beauty flows away,
So be alone for evermore.'
'O cruel heart,' she changed her tone,
'And cruel love, whose end is scorn,
Is this the end to be left alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn?'

But sometimes in the falling day
An image seem'd to pass the door,
To look into her eyes and say,
'But thou shalt be alone no more.'
And flaming downward over all
From heat to heat the day decreased,
And slowly rounded to the east
The one black shadow from the wall.
'The day to night,' she made her moan,
'The day to night, the night to morn,
And day and night I am left alone
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

At eve a dry cicala sung,
  There came a sound as of the sea;
Backward the lattice-blind she flung,
  And lean'd upon the balcony.
There all in spaces rosy-bright
  Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears,
  And deepening thro' the silent spheres
Heaven over Heaven rose the night.
    And weeping then she made her moan,
      'The night comes on that knows not morn,
    When I shall cease to be all alone,
      To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

THE TWO VOICES.

A STILL small voice spake unto me,
'Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?'

Then to the still small voice I said,
'Let me not cast in endless shade
What is so wonderfully made.'

To which the voice did urge reply,
'To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.

'An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

'He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;
Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.'

I said, 'When first the world began,
Young Nature thro' five cycles ran,
And in the sixth she moulded man.

'She gave him mind, the lordliest
Proportion, and, above the rest,
Dominion in the head and breast.'

Thereto the silent voice replied,
'Self-blinded are you by your pride:
Look up thro' night: the world is wide.

'This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

'Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?'

It spake, moreover, in my mind,
'Tho' thou wert scatter'd to the wind,
Yet is there plenty of the kind.'

Then did my response clearer fall,
'No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another, all in all.'

To which he answer'd scoffingly,
'Good soul! suppose I grant it thee,
Who 'll weep for thy deficiency?

'Or will one beam be less intense,
When thy peculiar difference
Is cancell'd in the world of sense?'

I would have said, 'Thou canst not know,'
But my full heart, that work'd below,
Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

Again the voice spake unto me,
'Thou art so steep'd in misery,
Surely 't were better not to be.

'Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
Nor any train of reason keep:
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep.

I said, 'The years with change advance:
If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance.

'Some turn this sickness yet might take,
Even yet.' But he: 'What drug can make
A wither'd palsy cease to shake?'

I wept, 'Tho' I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;

'And men, thro' novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not.'

'Yet,' said the secret voice, 'some time,
Sooner or later, will gray prime
Make thy grass hoar with early rime.

'Not less swift souls that yearn for light,
Rapt after heaven's starry flight,
Would sweep the tracts of day and night.

'Not less the bee would range her cells,
The furzy prickle fire the dells,
The foxglove cluster dappled bells.'

I said that 'all the years invent;
Each month is various to present
The world with some development.

'Were this not well, to bide mine hour,
Tho' watching from a ruin'd tower
How grows the day of human power?'

'The highest-mounted mind,' he said,
'Still sees the sacred morning spread
The silent summit overhead.

'Will thirty seasons render plain
Those lonely lights that still remain,
Just breaking over land and main?

'Or make that morn, from his cold crown
And crystal silence creeping down,
Flood with full daylight glebe and town?

'Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let
Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set
In midst of knowledge, dream'd not yet.

'Thou hast not gain'd a real height,
Nor art thou nearer to the light,
Because the scale is infinite.

''Twere better not to breathe or speak
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,
And seem to find, but still to seek.

'Moreover, but to seem to find
Asks what thou lackest, thought resign'd,
A healthy frame, a quiet mind.'

I said, 'When I am gone away,
"He dared not tarry," men will say,
Doing dishonour to my clay.'

'This is more vile,' he made reply,
'To breathe and loathe, to live and sigh,
Than once from dread of pain to die.

'Sick art thou — a divided will
Still heaping on the fear of ill
The fear of men, a coward still.

'Do men love thee? Art thou so bound
To men, that how thy name may sound
Will vex thee lying underground?

'The memory of the wither'd leaf
In endless time is scarce more brief
Than of the garner'd Autumn-sheaf.

'Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust;
The right ear, that is fill'd with dust,
Hears little of the false or just.'

'Hard task, to pluck resolve,' I cried,
'From emptiness and the waste wide
Of that abyss, or scornful pride!

'Nay — rather yet that I could raise
One hope that warm'd me in the days
While still I yearn'd for human praise.

'When, wide in soul and bold of tongue,
Among the tents I paused and sung,
The distant battle flash'd and rung.

'I sung the joyful Pæan clear,
And, sitting, burnish'd without fear
The brand, the buckler, and the spear —

'Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life —

'Some hidden principle to move,
To put together, part and prove,
And mete the bounds of hate and love —

'As far as might be, to carve out
Free space for every human doubt,
That the whole mind might orb about —

'To search thro' all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law;

'At least, not rotting like a weed,
But, having sown some generous seed,
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

'To pass, when Life her light withdraws,
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause —

'In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honour'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown;

'Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears:

'Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke,
And all the war is roll'd in smoke.'

'Yea!' said the voice, 'thy dream was good,
While thou abodest in the bud.
It was the stirring of the blood.

'If Nature put not forth her power
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?

'Then comes the check, the change, the fall,
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall.
There is one remedy for all.

'Yet hadst thou, thro' enduring pain,
Link'd month to month with such a chain
Of knitted purport, all were vain.

'Thou hadst not between death and birth
Dissolved the riddle of the earth.
So were thy labour little worth.

'That men with knowledge merely play'd,
I told thee — hardly nigher made,
Tho' scaling slow from grade to grade;

'Much less this dreamer, deaf and blind,
Named man, may hope some truth to find
That bears relation to the mind.

'For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

'Cry, faint not: either Truth is born
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,
Or in the gateways of the morn.

'Cry, faint not, climb: the summits slope
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope.

'Sometimes a little corner shines,
As over rainy mist inclines
A gleaming crag with belts of pines.

'I will go forward, sayest thou,
I shall not fail to find her now.
Look up, the fold is on her brow.

'If straight thy track, or if oblique,
Thou know'st not. Shadows thou dost strike,
Embracing cloud, Ixion-like;

'And owning but a little more
Than beasts, abidest lame and poor,
Calling thyself a little lower

'Than angels. Cease to wail and brawl!
Why inch by inch to darkness crawl?
There is one remedy for all.'

'O dull, one-sided voice,' said I,
'Wilt thou make everything a lie,
To flatter me that I may die?

'I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds.

'I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven;

'Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream,

'But heard, by secret transport led,
Even in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head —

'Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forbore, and did not tire,
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

'He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Tho' cursed and scorn'd, and bruised with
stones;

'But looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face.'

The sullen answer slid betwixt:
'Not that the grounds of hope were fix'd,
The elements were kindlier mix'd.'

I said, 'I toil beneath the curse,
But, knowing not the universe,
I fear to slide from bad to worse.

'And that, in seeking to undo
One riddle, and to find the true,
I knit a hundred others new;

'Or that this anguish fleeting hence,
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,
Be fix'd and frozen to permanence:

'For I go, weak from suffering here;
Naked I go, and void of cheer:
What is it that I may not fear?'

'Consider well,' the voice replied,
'His face, that two hours since hath died;
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?

'Will he obey when one commands?
Or answer should one press his hands?
He answers not, nor understands.

'His palms are folded on his breast:
There is no other thing express'd
But long disquiet merged in rest.

'His lips are very mild and meek:
Tho' one should smite him on the cheek,
And on the mouth, he will not speak.

'His little daughter, whose sweet face
He kiss'd, taking his last embrace,
Becomes dishonour to her race;

'His sons grow up that bear his name,
Some grow to honour, some to shame:
But he is chill to praise or blame.

'He will not hear the north-wind rave,
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave.

'High up the vapours fold and swim;
About him broods the twilight dim;
The place he knew forgetteth him.'

'If all be dark, vague voice,' I said,
'These things are wrapt in doubt and dread,
Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.

'The sap dries up: the plant declines.
A deeper tale my heart divines.
Know I not Death? the outward signs?

'I found him when my years were few;
A shadow on the graves I knew,
And darkness in the village yew.

'From grave to grave the shadow crept;
In her still place the morning wept;
Touch'd by his feet the daisy slept.

'The simple senses crown'd his head:
"Omega! thou art Lord," they said,
"We find no motion in the dead."

'Why, if man rot in dreamless ease,
Should that plain fact, as taught by these,
Not make him sure that he shall cease?

'Who forged that other influence,
That heat of inward evidence,
By which he doubts against the sense?

'He owns the fatal gift of eyes,
That read his spirit blindly wise,
Not simple as a thing that dies.

'Here sits he shaping wings to fly;
His heart forebodes a mystery;
He names the name Eternity.

'That type of Perfect in his mind
In Nature can he nowhere find.
He sows himself on every wind.

'He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,
And thro' thick veils to apprehend
A labour working to an end.

'The end and the beginning vex
His reason; many things perplex,
With motions, checks, and counterchecks.

'He knows a baseness in his blood
At such strange war with something good,
He may not do the thing he would.

'Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half shown, are broken and withdrawn.

'Ah! sure within him and without,
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his doubt,

'But thou canst answer not again.
With thine own weapon art thou slain,
Or thou wilt answer but in vain.

'The doubt would rest, I dare not solve.
In the same circle we revolve.
Assurance only breeds resolve.'

As when a billow, blown against,
Falls back, the voice with which I fenced
A little ceased, but recommenced:

'Where wert thou when thy father play'd
In his free field, and pastime made,
A merry boy in sun and shade?

A merry boy they call'd him then,
He sat upon the knees of men
In days that never come again;

'Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course, till thou wert also man:

'Who took a wife, who rear'd his race,
Whose wrinkles gather'd on his face,
Whose troubles number with his days:

'A life of nothings, nothing worth,
From that first nothing ere his birth
To that last nothing under earth!'

'These words,' I said, 'are like the rest;
No certain clearness, but at best
A vague suspicion of the breast:

'But if I grant, thou mightst defend
The thesis which thy words intend,—
That to begin implies to end;

'Yet how should I for certain hold,
Because my memory is so cold,
That I first was in human mould?

'I cannot make this matter plain,
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,
A random arrow from the brain.

'It may be that no life is found,
Which only to one engine bound
Falls off, but cycles always round.

'As old mythologies relate,
Some draught of Lethe might await
The slipping thro' from state to state;

'As here we find in trances, men
Forget the dream that happens then,
Until they fall in trance again:

'So might we, if our state were such
As one before, remember much,
For those two likes might meet and touch.

'But, if I lapsed from nobler place,
Some legend of a fallen race
Alone might hint of my disgrace;

'Some vague emotion of delight
In gazing up an Alpine height,
Some yearning toward the lamps of night;

'Or if thro' lower lives I came —
Tho' all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame —

'I might forget my weaker lot;
For is not our first year forgot?
The haunts of memory echo not.

'And men, whose reason long was blind,
From cells of madness unconfined,
Oft lose whole years of darker mind.

'Much more, if first I floated free,
As naked essence, must I be
Incompetent of memory;

'For memory dealing but with time,
And he with matter, could she climb
Beyond her own material prime?

'Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams —

'Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.'

The still voice laugh'd. 'I talk,' said he,
'Not with thy dreams. Suffice it thee
Thy pain is a reality.'

'But thou,' said I, 'hast miss'd thy mark,
Who sought'st to wreck my mortal ark,
By making all the horizon dark.

'Why not set forth, if I should do
This rashness, that which might ensue
With this old soul in organs new?

'Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

'T is life whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh, life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want.'

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn.
Then said the voice, in quiet scorn,
'Behold, it is the Sabbath morn.'

And I arose, and I released
The casement, and the light increased
With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church bells began to peal.

On to God's house the people prest:
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

One walk'd between his wife and child,
With measured footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood
Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walk'd demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on:
I spoke, but answer came there none;
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, 'Be of better cheer.'

As from some blissful neighbourhood,
A notice faintly understood,
'I see the end, and know the good.'

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
'I may not speak of what I know.'

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes;

Such seem'd the whisper at my side.
'What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?' I cried.
'A hidden hope,' the voice replied;

So heavenly-toned that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers:
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along:
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong;

And all so variously wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice
Than him that said, 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size;
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without,
And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round the old silver cup;
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest, — gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
His memory scarce can make me sad.

Yet fill my glass: give me one kiss:
My own sweet Alice, we must die.

There 's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by and by.
There 's somewhat flows to us in life,
But more is taken quite away.
Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,
That we may die the selfsame day.

Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thought of pain.
Would God renew me from my birth
I 'd almost live my life again.
So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
And once again to woo thee mine —
It seems in after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine —

To be the long and listless boy
Late-left an orphan of the squire,
Where this old mansion mounted high
Looks down upon the village spire;
For even here, where I and you
Have lived and loved alone so long,
Each morn my sleep was broken thro'
By some wild skylark's matin song.

"So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
And once again to woo thee mine."

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Photogravure from drawing by H. Winthrop Peirce.

And oft I heard the tender dove
In firry woodlands making moan;
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
I had no motion of my own.
For scarce my life with fancy play'd
Before I dream'd that pleasant dream —
Still hither, thither, idly sway'd
Like those long mosses in the stream.

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers when they sprung
Below the range of stepping-stones,
Or those three chestnuts near, that hung
In masses thick with milky cones.

But, Alice, what an hour was that,
When after roving in the woods
('T was April then), I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening to the breezy blue;
And on the slope, an absent fool,

I cast me down, nor thought of you,
  But angled in the higher pool.

A love-song I had somewhere read,
  An echo from a measured strain,
Beat time to nothing in my head
  From some odd corner of the brain.
It haunted me, the morning long,
  With weary sameness in the rhymes,
The phantom of a silent song,
  That went and came a thousand times.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
  I watch'd the little circles die;
They past into the level flood,
  And there a vision caught my eye;
The reflex of a beauteous form,
  A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
As when a sunbeam wavers warm
  Within the dark and dimpled beck.

For you remember, you had set,
  That morning, on the casement-edge
A long green box of mignonette,
  And you were leaning from the ledge;

And when I raised my eyes, above
They met with two so full and bright —
Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,
That these have never lost their light.

I loved, and love dispell'd the fear
That I should die an early death;
For love possess'd the atmosphere,
And fill'd the breast with purer breath.
My mother thought, What ails the boy?
For I was alter'd, and began
To move about the house with joy,
And with the certain step of man.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

And oft in ramblings on the wold,
When April nights began to blow,

And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,
I saw the village lights below;
I knew your taper far away,
And full at heart of trembling hope,
From off the wold I came, and lay
Upon the freshly-flower'd slope.

The deep brook groan'd beneath the mill;
And 'by that lamp,' I thought, 'she sits!'
The white chalk-quarry from the hill
Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits.
'O that I were beside her now!
O will she answer if I call?
O would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all?'

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin;
And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within;
Sometimes your shadow cross'd the blind.
At last you rose and moved the light,
And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
And all the casement darken'd there.

But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with may,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flush'd like the coming of the day;
And so it was — half-sly, half-shy,
You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.

And slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire:
She wish'd me happy, but she thought
I might have look'd a little higher;
And I was young — too young to wed:
'Yet must I love her for your sake;
Go fetch your Alice here,' she said:
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

And down I went to fetch my bride:
But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well;

And dews, that would have fallen in tears,
I kiss'd away before they fell.

I watch'd the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke of me;
And turning look'd upon your face,
As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
Approaching, press'd you heart to heart.

Ah, well — but sing the foolish song
I gave you, Alice, on the day
When, arm in arm, we went along,
A pensive pair, and you were gay
With bridal flowers — that I may seem,
As in the nights of old, to lie
Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,
While those full chestnuts whisper by.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear;
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I 'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I 'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells —
True love interprets — right alone.
His light upon the letter dwells,
For all the spirit is his own.
So, if I waste words now, in truth
You must blame Love. His early rage
Had force to make me rhyme in youth,
And makes me talk too much in age.

And now those vivid hours are gone,
Like mine own life to me thou art,

Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart:
So sing that other song I made,
Half-anger'd with my happy lot,
The day, when in the chestnut shade
I found the blue forget-me-not.

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so.
Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine!
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!

Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes for ever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet tears they shed; they had their part
Of sorrow: for when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness past again,
And left a want unknown before.
Although the loss had brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee:
But that God bless thee, dear — who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind —
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find!

Arise, and let us wander forth,
To yon old mill across the wolds;

For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below:
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

FATIMA.

O LOVE, Love, Love! O withering might!
O sun, that from thy noonday height
Shudderest when I strain my sight,
Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,
  Lo, falling from my constant mind,
  Lo, parch'd and wither'd, deaf and blind,
  I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours
Below the city's eastern towers;
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers;
I roll'd among the tender flowers;
  I crush'd them on my breast, my mouth;
  I look'd athwart the burning drouth
  Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came

A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.
O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know
He cometh quickly; from below
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow
Before him, striking on my brow.
In my dry brain my spirit soon,
Down-deepening from swoon to swoon,
Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire,
And from beyond the noon a fire
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher
The skies stoop down in their desire;
And, isled in sudden seas of light,
My heart, pierced thro' with fierce delight,
Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,

Droops blinded with his shining eye:
I *will* possess him or will die.
I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

ŒNONE.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the cloven ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning; but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,

Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper
cliff.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
The purple flower droops; the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain
brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls

Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills;
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far off the torrent call'd me from the cleft;
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a God's;

And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow
brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart:
"My own Œnone,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingraven
'For the most fair,' would seem to award it
thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added, "This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods

Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 't were due:
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering, that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphroditè, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies; and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, "from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore.
Honour," she said, "and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers."

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
"Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred

And throned of wisdom — from all neighbour
crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from
me,
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-
born, —
A shepherd all thy life, but yet king-born, —
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in
power
Only, are likest Gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of
power
Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye

Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply:

'"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Again she said: "I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.
Yet, indeed,
If gazing on divinity disrobed
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbias'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,

Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom."
Here she ceas'd,
And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, "O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!" but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphroditè beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh

Half-whisper'd in his ear, "I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece."
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear;
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

'Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest — why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois!

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet — from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,

And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Even on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live;
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids; let me die.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,

Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child! — a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.'

THE SISTERS.

WE were two daughters of one race;
She was the fairest in the face.
  The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
  O the Earl was fair to see!

She died: she went to burning flame:
She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.
  The wind is howling in turret and tree.
Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait.
  O the Earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bad him come;
I won his love, I brought him home.
  The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head.
  O the Earl was fair to see!

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest;
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O the Earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night:
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.
O the Earl was fair to see!

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O the Earl was fair to see!

NOTES.

NOTES.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF LORD TENNYSON.

PAGE 1. — *Born on the 6th of August*, 1809. — The date has been often given as August 5th; but Lord Tennyson wrote to Dr. Van Dyke that he 'was probably born in the early morning of the 6th, just after midnight,' and that his mother used to keep his birthday on August 6th. A careful examination of the Somersby Baptismal Register shows that the 6 in the date 'has been mistaken for a 5 on account of the fading of the ink on the left side of the loop.' See also the fac-simile of the entry in Napier's 'Homes and Haunts of Tennyson,' p. 29.

PAGE 3. — *The eldest son, George.* — According to the Parish Register of Tealby (a town about twenty miles to the north of Somersby), he was baptised on the 25th of May, 1806. Dr. Tennyson resided at Tealby previous to his settlement at Somersby in 1808.

Charles, who afterwards took the name of Turner. — The 'relative' in accordance with whose will this was done was his great-uncle, the Rev. Samuel Turner, vicar and patron of Grasby, to whose estate and living Charles succeeded in 1835.

Most, if not all, of the other brothers have written poetry. — Napier (p. 41) adds Septimus and Horatio to the four brothers whom I have mentioned.

PAGE 10. — *In the spring of* 1827. — Dr. Van Dyke (3d ed. p. 324) gives the date as 1826, on the authority of Lord Tennyson; but the poet evidently had in mind the time when the manuscript was given to the printer. The preface would not have been dated 'March, 1827,' if the book had been *published* in 1826.

Engaged to pay ten pounds for the copyright, and actually paid twenty. — Church (p. 53) so states it; and there is no doubt that the larger sum was paid, though the biographers have generally made it the smaller one.

PAGE 33. — *A poem on 'The Battle of Armageddon.'* — Napier (p. 124) says: 'He resuscitated an old poem which he had written some years before on the Battle of Armageddon, and having altered it a little, sent it in for the theme of Timbuctoo.' One would infer, from internal evidence, that the alterations must have been somewhat extensive.

PAGE 38. — *In all quotations of the passage that I have seen, etc.* — Since this foot-note was in type, I have observed that Jennings (2d ed. p. 25) emends the passage thus: "he too is a poet, and many years hence may read his juvenile description," etc. The correction that I have suggested seems to me more likely to be the right one.

PAGE 47. — *The family continued to reside at Somersby for several years.* — According to Church (p. 41), it was 'in the autumn of 1835' that the family left Somersby. Napier (p. 137) says it was 'in the early months of 1837;' and this date is confirmed by a letter of Alfred's to Monckton Milnes, dated Jan. 10, 1837, in which he writes: 'As I and all my people are going to leave this place very shortly never to return, I have much upon my hands.'

PAGE 51. — *A portrait of Tennyson.* — From a crayon drawing by Samuel Lawrence, a lithograph of which, printed at Cambridge, was the earliest published portrait of the poet. For further particulars concerning the Tennyson portraits, busts, etc., see Shepherd's 'Tennysoniana' (2d ed. pp. 157–169) and the illustrated articles by Mr. Theodore Watts in the 'Magazine of Art' (Cassell's) for January and February, 1893.

PAGE 80. — *In 1861, he revisited the Pyrenees.* — The date has been sometimes given as 1862, but Clough's diary makes it 1861. It will be seen that he refers to Tennyson's former visit as 'thirty-one years ago,' while the poet, in the verses quoted, makes it 'two and thirty.' The former is the correct number, and as Clough doubtless got it at the time from the poet, it is probable that the latter changed it in the verses for

the sake of euphony. The line, 'I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago,' would be seriously marred if 'one' were substituted for 'two.'

Mr. Waugh (pp. 43, 186) gives the dates of the two visits correctly as 1830 and 1861, but (p. 186) refers to the former as 'thirty-two years before' the latter.

Mrs. Ritchie (p. 23) has the following paragraph on the 1830 tour: [1] —

> Once in their early youth we hear of the two friends, Tennyson and Hallam, travelling in the Pyrenees. This was at the time of the war of Spanish independence, when many generous young men went over with funds and good energies to help the cause of liberty. These two were taking money, and letters written in invisible ink, to certain conspirators who were then revolting against the intolerable tyranny of Ferdinand, and who were chiefly hiding in the Pyrenees. The young men met, among others, a Señor Ojeda, who confided to Tennyson his intentions, which were to *couper la gorge à tous les curés*. Señor Ojeda could not talk English or fully explain all his aspirations. '*Mais vous connaissez mon cœur*,' said he, effusively; and a pretty black one it is, thought the poet. I have heard Tennyson described in those days as 'straight and with a broad breast,' and when he had crossed over from the Continent and was coming back, walking through Wales, he went one day into a little wayside inn, where an old man sat by the fire, who looked up, and asked many questions. 'Are you from the army? Not from the army? Then where do you come from?' said the old man. 'I am just come from the Pyrenees,' said Alfred. 'Ah, I knew there was a something!' said the wise old man.

PAGE 82. — *Epitaph on the late Duchess of Kent.* — It was inscribed on Mr. Theed's statue of the Duchess, at Frogmore, and reads thus: —

> 'Her children rise up and call her blessed.'
>
> Long as the heart beats life within the breast
> Thy child will bless thee, guardian mother mild,
> And far away thy memory will be blest
> By children of the children of thy child.

[1] Here, as elsewhere, I quote from the book, 'Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning' (New York, 1892), which gives the original magazine articles in a slightly revised form.

PAGE 105. — *Becket . . has been brought out by Mr. Irving.* — The 'Academy' for Feb. 18, 1893, says of the performance: 'There were few who expected that Lord Tennyson's "Becket" would be, upon the Lyceum or any other stage, the success that it has proved to be. Not only the first-night audience, but the audiences that have followed it, and especially, as we are able to testify, the large and very representative audience of last Saturday night, have shown the keenest satisfaction in the piece and the performance. "Becket" is one of the most distinct of the Lyceum successes.'

PAGE 124. — *It could but have been the unequalled Elysian lines of Virgil.* — Or the most beautiful of the many tributes in verse called forth by the death of the poet on either side of the Atlantic, — the 'Elysian lines' prefixed by Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke to the third edition of 'The Poetry of Tennyson':

TENNYSON

IN LUCEM TRANSITUS

October 6, 1892.

From the silent shores of midnight, touched with splendours of the moon,
To the singing tides of heaven and the light more clear than noon,
Passed a soul that grew to music, till it was with God in tune.

Brother of the greatest poets, — true to nature, true to art, —
Lover of Immortal Love, — uplifter of the human heart,
Who shall help us with high music, who shall sing if thou depart?

Silence here, for love is silent, gazing on the lessening sail;
Silence here, for grief is voiceless when the mighty poets fail;
Silence here, — but far above us, many voices crying, Hail!

POEMS.

To the Queen.

These verses first appeared in the seventh edition of the 'Poems' in 1851. For a stanza afterwards omitted, see p. 63 above.

Page 132. — *And statesmen at her council met.* — This stanza was once quoted by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons with remarkable effect. Lord John Manners, in an argument against political change, had quoted the poet's description of England as

> A land of old and wide renown
> Where Freedom broadens slowly down.

The retort was none the less effective because the passage was taken from a different poem.

Claribel.

First published in 1830.

Page 133. — *At noon the wild bee hummeth.* — The original reading was 'At noon the bee low hummeth.'

Some critic has suggested that the reference to 'eve' is placed before that to 'noon' in order that the imperfect rhyme in 'boometh' may not come between 'hummeth' and 'cometh.'

Page 134. — *The callow throstle lispeth.* — The earlier reading was 'The fledgling throstle lispeth.'

The babbling runnel crispeth. — Compare the 'Song,' p. 152: 'Down-carolling to the crisped sea;' and Milton's 'crisped brooks' ('Paradise Lost,' iv. 237).

Nothing will die.

This poem and the next, first published in 1830, were omitted in 1842, but subsequently restored. No change has been made in either.

Leonine Elegiacs.

Published in 1830 with the title 'Elegiacs,' omitted in 1842, but afterwards restored without change.

PAGE 141. — *The ancient poetess.* — Compare 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years After': 'Hesper, whom the poet call'd the Bringer home of all good things.' The allusion is to the fragment of Sappho: —

Ἕσπερε, πάντα φέρεις·
Φέρεις οἶνον, φέρεις αἶγα,
Φέρεις ματέρι παῖδα.

Byron's paraphrase in 'Don Juan' (iii. 107) is familiar: —

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things —
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er-labour'd steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearth-stone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND.

This poem, published in 1830, was suppressed for more than fifty years. In 1879 the 'Christian Signal,' an English journal, announced that its issue for September 6th would contain 'an early unpublished poem of over two hundred lines by Alfred Tennyson (P. L.), entitled "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind;"' but the publication was prevented by a legal injunction. In 1884 the poem was included in the complete edition of the Laureate's works.

The original title was 'Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind not in Unity with Itself.' In the poem as restored the following lines, after 'With hopeful grief, were passing sweet' (p. 143), were omitted: —

A grief not uninformed, and dull,
Hearted with hope, of hope as full
As is the blood with life, or night
And a dark cloud with rich moonlight.
To stand beside a grave, and see
The red small atoms wherewith we

Are built, and smile in calm, and say —
'These little motes and grains shall be
Clothed on with immortality
More glorious than the noon of day.
All that is pass'd into the flowers,
And into beasts and other men,
And all the Norland whirlwind showers
From open vaults, and all the sea
O'erwashes with sharp salts, again
Shall fleet together all, and be
Indued with immortality.'

The only other change is 'rosy fingers' for 'waxen fingers' in the third line on p. 144.

The 'Westminster Review' (see p. 37 above) recognised in this poem 'an extraordinary combination of deep reflection, metaphysical analysis, picturesque description, dramatic transition, and strong emotion.' Arthur Hallam, in the 'Englishman's Magazine' (p. 39 above), said of it: 'The "Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind" are full of deep insight into human nature, and into those particular trials which are sure to beset men who think and feel for themselves at this epoch of social development. The title is perhaps ill chosen; not only has it an appearance of quaintness, which has no sufficient reason, but it seems to us incorrect. The mood pourtrayed in this poem, unless the admirable skill of delineation has deceived us, is rather the clouded season of a strong mind than the habitual condition of one feeble and second-rate.'

PAGE 150. — *The busy fret Of that sharp-headed worm.* — Compare 'A Dirge' (p. 200): —

Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form;

and 'The Palace of Art' (vol. ii. p. 15): —

And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall.

The Kraken.

Published in 1830, omitted in 1842, but afterwards restored without change.

Page 151. — *Then once by man and angels to be seen.* — This is the reading of all the English editions; but in Barry Cornwall's copy of the 1830 volume (now in the possession of Dr. Henry van Dyke) 'man' is altered to 'men' in the margin.

Song.

In 1830 the title was 'We are Free,' and the two stanzas were printed as one. The poem was omitted in 1842, but subsequently restored with no further change.

Page 152. — *The crisped sea.* — See note on 'The babbling runnel crispeth,' p. 323 above.

Lilian.

First published in 1830, and reprinted in 1842 with no change except 'gather'd wimple' for 'purfled wimple.' For the original reading, compare Milton, 'Comus,' 992: 'Than her purfled scarf can shew.'

Isabel.

First published in 1830. The only change in 1842 was 'blanched' for 'blenched,' which was probably a misprint.

Mrs. Annie Fields, in an interesting article on 'Tennyson' in 'Harper's Magazine' for January, 1893 (p. 310), remarks that this poem 'possesses a peculiar interest, because it is understood to be the poet's tribute to his wife, and indeed even his imaginative eye could hardly elsewhere have found another to whom this description would so properly fit;' and she goes on to quote the second stanza. Whether the poet in this ideal portrait of a 'perfect wife' had in mind the lady who, twenty years later, became his wife may be doubted; but how completely she fulfilled that ideal the tributes he subsequently paid her in his verse amply testify. 'The Daisy,' published in 1855, but written some three years earlier (as the reference to the baby Hallam, born in August, 1852, indicates), was

addressed to her. In 'A Dedication' in the 'Enoch Arden' volume in 1864, he apostrophised her thus: —

> Dear, near, and true — no truer Time himself
> Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
> Dearer and nearer.

And his last volume, the posthumous 'Death of Œnone,' was inscribed to her at 'seventy-seven,' —

> With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
> And a fancy as summer-new
> As the green of the bracken amid the bloom of the heather.

PAGE 156. — *An accent very low.* — Compare 'King Lear,' v. 3. 272: —

> Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle, and low — an excellent thing in woman.

MARIANA.

First printed in 1830, and very slightly altered in 1842 and subsequently. It was commended in the 'Westminster Review' for July, 1835, as illustrating the poet's power in 'scene-painting, in the highest sense of the term, . . . the power of *creating* scenery in keeping with some state of human feeling; or so fitted to it as to be the embodied symbol of it, and to summon up the state of feeling itself, with a force not to be surpassed by anything but reality.' Bayard Taylor ('International Review,' vol. iv. p. 404) calls it 'a picture in the absolute Pre-Raphaelite manner, written more than a dozen years before Pre-Raphaelitism was heard of in art.'

PAGE 158. — *That held the pear to the gable-wall.* — The first reading was 'The peach to the garden-wall.' Bayard Taylor, writing in 1877 (in the review of Tennyson cited above), quotes the poet as saying: 'There is my "Mariana," for example. A line in it is wrong, and I cannot possibly change it, because it has been so long published; yet it always annoys me. I wrote "That held the peach to the garden-wall." Now this is not a characteristic of the scenery I had in mind. The line should be "That held the pear to the gable-wall."' Whether this conversation occurred during

Taylor's visit to Tennyson in 1857 (see p. 74 above), I cannot say; but the line was changed in the printed poem at least as early as 1875, or two years before the review was written.

PAGE 159. — *She heard the night-fowl crow.* — There has been some discussion in the English 'Notes and Queries' and elsewhere as to the birds meant by 'night-fowl.' It can hardly be the cock mentioned in the next line, though 'crow' (probably used for the sake of the rhyme) would suggest that bird. It appears to be used in a general way for the various birds that are more or less heard at night in Lincolnshire, where the scene is laid.

PAGE 160. — *The cluster'd marish-mosses.* — For the old form 'marish' (now used only in poetry), compare 'The Dying Swan': 'And far thro' the marish green and still;' and 'the silvery marish-flowers;' and 'On a Mourner': 'With moss and braided marish-pipe.'

No other tree did mark. — Originally 'did dark;' retained in 1842, but changed as early as 1856.

The shrill winds were up and away. — The 1830 reading was 'up an' away;' changed in 1842. In the next stanza the original 'sung i' the pane' was retained in 1842 and in all the editions I have seen down to 1875.

PAGE 161. — *Was sloping toward his western bower.* — Originally 'Downsloped[1] was westering in his bower;' changed in 1842.

To ——.

First printed in 1830, and retained in 1842 with no change except in the third and fourth lines, which originally read:

> The knotted lies of human creeds,
> The wounding cords which bind and strain.

PAGE 162. — *With shrilling shafts of subtle wit.* — Compare 'The Talking Oak': 'And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.'

[1] In the volumes of 1830 and 1833, compound words are, with rare exceptions, printed without the hyphen; as 'silverchiming,' 'gardenbowers,' 'mountainstreams,' etc.

PAGE 163. — *Like that strange angel.* — Compare Genesis, xxxii. 22–32.

MADELINE.

First printed in 1830, without the division into stanzas, which was made in 1842. The only other change (except the spelling 'airy' for 'aery') is 'amorously' for 'three times three' in the last stanza.

SONG — THE OWL.

This, with the 'Second Song to the Same,' was reprinted in 1842 from the 1830 volume without alteration.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

This poem, one of the best in the volume of 1830, was reprinted in 1842 with a few trivial changes. As Tainsh says, it was 'interesting as foreshadowing the power of detailed description, vivid and very pictorial, which shows itself fully in "The Palace of Art."' Peter Bayne remarks that it 'decisively announced the rise of a great poet.'

PAGE 170. — *Of braided blooms.* — The 1830 volume has 'Of breaded blosms.'

PAGE 172. — *Died round the bulbul as he sung.* — For the Persian name of the nightingale, compare 'The Princess,' iv. 103: —

> 'Not for thee,' she said,
> 'O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan
> Shall burst her veil.'

Black the garden-bowers and grots. — The 1830 reading was 'Blackgreen' for 'Black.'

PAGE 173. — *Their interspaces, counterchanged The level lake with diamond-plots.* — Compare 'In Memoriam,' lxxxix.: —

> Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
> Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright.

Distinct with vivid stars inlaid. — The 1830 volume has 'unrayed' for 'inlaid;' and below 'I was borne' for 'I was drawn.'

PAGE 174. — *Thick rosaries of scented thorn.* — The obsolete *rosaries* (Latin *rosaria*), for rose-gardens or rose-beds, is rare in poetry. I have met with no other modern example of it; and 'silvers' for silver candlesticks below is perhaps also unique.

PAGE 175. — *Diaper'd.* — Entirely covered, as in diaper-work, technically so called. Compare Spenser, 'Epithalamion,' 51:

> Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
> And diapred lyke the discolored mead.

ODE TO MEMORY.

The 1830 volume, instead of 'Addressed to ——,' has 'Written very Early in Life.' The changes in 1842 were few and slight.

PAGE 179. — *Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres, etc.* — Compare the prize poem of 'Timbuctoo,' 1829: —

> I have raised thee nigher to the spheres of heaven,
> Man's first, last home; and thou with ravish'd sense
> Listenest the lordly music flowing from
> Th' illimitable years.

Come from the woods that belt, etc. — See p. 6 above.

PAGE 181. — *The high field on the bushless Pike.* — One meaning of 'pike,' according to Halliwell's 'Archaic and Provincial Dictionary,' is 'the top of a hill,' — not necessarily a steep, pointed hill, like the Pikes of the English Lake District, though the dictionaries generally recognise only this latter meaning of the word as applied to a hill. Of course there are no such pikes, or peaks, in Lincolnshire, and there could not be a 'field' on the top of them anywhere.

Like emblems of infinity. — Originally 'Emblems or glimpses of infinity.'

PAGE 182. — *With plaited alleys of the trailing rose.* — Originally 'pleached alleys,' which means the same. Compare 'Much Ado About Nothing,' i. 2. 10: 'a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard;' and the same play, iii. 1. 7: —

> the pleached bower,
> Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter.

And those whom passion hath not blinded. — The 1830 volume has 'The few whom,' etc.; and just below: —

> My friend, with thee to live alone,
> Methinks were better than to own
> A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!

Song.

In the 1830 volume, and reprinted without change.

A Character.

Also from the 1830 volume without change.

The Poet.

For this poem, see pages 37 and 38 above. The only change made in it since 1830 (except 'secretest' for 'secret'st' in the third stanza) is in the twelfth stanza, which originally read thus: —

> And in the bordure of her robe was writ
> Wisdom, a name to shake
> Hoar anarchies, as with a thunderfit,
> And when she spake, etc.

Page 187. — *Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, etc.* — That is, with hatred of hate, etc. Rev. F. W. Robertson explains it thus: 'That is, the Prophet of Truth receives for his dower the scorn of men in whom scorn dwells, hatred from men who hate, while his reward is the gratitude and affection of men who seek the truth which they love, more eagerly than the faults which their acuteness can blame.' A very intelligent lady once told me that she had always understood 'hate of hate' to mean the utmost intensity of hate, etc., the poet's passions and sensibilities being to those of ordinary men 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.'

From Calpe unto Caucasus. — *Calpe*, one of the Pillars of Hercules, was a western limit of the ancient world, as *Caucasus* was an eastern.

The Poet's Mind.

Reprinted from the volume of 1830, with the omission of the following passage after the seventh line: —

> Clear as summer mountainstreams,
> Bright as the inwoven beams,
> Which beneath their crisping sapphire
> In the midday, floating o'er
> The golden sands, make evermore
> To a blossomstarrèd shore.
> Hence away, unhallowed laugher!

The second line of the second stanza was originally 'The poet's mind is holy ground.'

The Sea-Fairies.

This poem, first printed in 1830, was suppressed until 1853, when it appeared, with many changes, in the eighth edition of the 'Poems.'

Page 192. — *Betwixt the green bank.* — The first reading was 'Between the green bank.'

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more. — In the 1830 volume the remainder of the poem is as follows:

> Whither away wi' the singing sail? whither away wi' the oar?
> Whither away from the high green field, and the happy blossoming shore?
> Weary mariners, hither away,
> One and all, one and all,
> Weary mariners, come and play;
> We will sing to you all the day;
> Furl the sail and the foam will fall
> From the prow! One and all
> Furl the sail! drop the oar!
> Leap ashore!
> Know danger and trouble and toil no more.
> Whither away wi' the sail and the oar?
>
> Drop the oar,
> Leap ashore,
> Fly no more!
> Whither away wi' the sail? whither away wi' the oar?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea;
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the cloverhill swells
High over the fulltoned sea.
Merrily carol the revelling gales
Over the islands free:
From the green seabanks the rose downtrails
To the happy brimmèd sea.

Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words.
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and revelry;
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten,
When the clear sharp twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridgèd sea.
Ye will not find so happy a shore,
Weary mariners! all the world o'er;
Oh! fly no more!
Harken ye, harken ye, sorrow shall darken ye,
Danger and trouble and toil no more;
Whither away?
Drop the oar;
Hither away,
Leap ashore;
Oh fly no more — no more.
Whither away, whither away, whither away with the sail and the oar?

The Deserted House.

First printed in 1830, omitted in 1842, but subsequently restored without alteration.

The Dying Swan.

Reprinted in 1842 from the volume of 1830 with two slight verbal changes: 'And loudly did lament' for 'Which loudly,' etc.; and 'Above in the wind was the swallow' for 'sung the swallow.'

A Dirge.

Reprinted in 1842 from the volume of 1830 without alteration.

PAGE 200. — *The silver birk.* — *Birk* is a Northern English and Scotch form for *birch*.

Fretteth thine enshrouded form. — See note on *The busy fret*, etc., p. 325 above.

PAGE 201. — *The woodbine and eglatere.* — The 'Century Dictionary' calls *eglatere* 'a spurious modern archaism,' the correct form being *eglentere* or *eglentier*.

And long purples of the dale. — The 'early purple orchis' (*Orchis mascula*). — In the 1830 volume 'long purples' is printed as a quotation. The poet doubtless decided afterwards that the allusion to poor Ophelia's flowers ('Hamlet,' iv. 7. 171) was too familiar to call for acknowledgment.

Love and Death.

Reprinted in 1842 from the 1830 volume without alteration.

PAGE 203. — *Life eminent.* — That is, standing above other things; the etymological sense of the word.

The Ballad of Oriana.

Reprinted in 1842 with no change from the original version of 1830.

Circumstance.

Reprinted in 1842 from the volume of 1830, with no change except in the last line, which originally began, 'Fill up the round,' etc.

The Merman.

This poem and the next one reprinted in 1842 with no change from the 1830 text.

PAGE 210. — *The white sea-flower.* — Perhaps the sea-anemone, which, though an animal, gets its name from the resemblance of its outspread tentacles to the petals of a flower.

PAGE 211. — *Turkis and agate and almondine.* — *Turkis* represents the pronunciation properly belonging to the word

now commonly spelled *turquoise*. *Almondine* or *almandine* is a precious stone first brought from Alabanda, a city in Asia Minor. The name is a corruption of the Latin adjective *Alabandina* (*gemma* being understood).

Adeline.

Reprinted in 1842 from the 1830 volume, with two slight changes in the fifth stanza: 'the side of the morn' for 'the side o' the morn,' and 'locks a-drooping' for 'locks a-dropping.'

Margaret.

First printed in the volume of 1833, and slightly changed in 1842.

Page 221. — *The lion-heart, Plantagenet.* — Originally 'The lion-souled Plantagenet.' The allusion to the story of Richard I. and Blondel needs no explanation. *Chatelet*, mentioned just below, was proscribed in the Reign of Terror and executed in December, 1793.

Page 222. — *And less aërially blue.* — The original reading was 'And more aërially blue,' with 'And' instead of 'But' in the next line.

Rosalind.

Printed in 1833, but suppressed until 1884, when it was restored without any change in the poem itself. In 1833 the following was appended to it: —

NOTE TO ROSALIND.

Perhaps the following lines may be allowed to stand as a separate poem; originally they made part of the text, where they were manifestly improper.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
Bold, subtle, careless Rosalind,
Is one of those who know no strife
Of inward woe or outward fear;
To whom the slope and stream of Life,
The life before, the life behind,
In the ear, from far and near,

Chimeth musically clear.
My falconhearted Rosalind,
Fullsailed before a vigorous wind,
Is one of those who cannot weep
For others' woes, but overleap
All the petty shocks and fears
That trouble life in early years,
With a flash of frolic scorn
And keen delight, that never falls
Away from freshness, self-upborne
With such gladness as, whenever
The freshflushing springtime calls
To the flooding waters cool,
Young fishes, on an April morn,
Up and down a rapid river,
Leap the little waterfalls
That sing into the pebbled pool.
My happy falcon, Rosalind,
Hath daring fancies of her own,
Fresh as the dawn before the day,
Fresh as the early seasmell blown
Through vineyards from an inland bay.
My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
Because no shadow on you falls,
Think you hearts are tennisballs,
To play with, wanton Rosalind?

ELEÄNORE.

Reprinted in 1842 from the 1833 volume, with some changes in the seventh and eighth stanzas.

PAGE 229. — *How may full-sail'd verse express.* — Evidently a reminiscence of Shakespeare, Sonnet 86: 'Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,' etc.

PAGE 231. — *Roof'd the world with doubt and fear.* — Originally 'Did roof noonday,' etc.

PAGE 232. — *As waves that up a quiet cove, etc.* The original reading was: —

As waves that from the outer deep
Roll into a quiet cove,
There fall away, and lying still,

Having glorious dreams in sleep,
Shadow forth the banks at will:
Or sometimes they swell and move, etc.

While the amorous, odorous wind. — Originally 'When the amorous,' etc.

PAGE 233. — *I watch thy grace, etc.* — For this line the edition of 1833 had the following: —

I gaze on thee the cloudless noon
Of mortal beauty: in its place, etc.

Floweth; and then, as in a swoon. — Originally 'Floweth; then I faint, I swoon.'

MY LIFE IS FULL OF WEARY DAYS.

First printed in 1833, with the heading 'To ——.' The first two stanzas were not reprinted until 1865, when they appeared in the volume of 'Selections' in their present form. The original reading was as follows: —

I.

All good things have not kept aloof,
Nor wander'd into other ways:
I have not lacked thy mild reproof,
Nor golden largess of thy praise,
But life is full of weary days.

II.

Shake hands, my friend, across the brink
Of that deep grave to which I go.
Shake hands once more: I cannot sink
So far — far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below.

The next three stanzas were added later, with no change except 'scritches of the jay' for 'laughters of the jay,' and 'darnel' for 'darnels.'

The following stanzas, with which the poem originally ended (connected closely with the preceding, there being only a comma after 'the woodbines blow'), have not been restored: —

VI.

If thou art blest, my mother's smile
  Undimmed, if bees are on the wing:
Then cease, my friend, a little while,
  That I may hear the throstle sing
  His bridal song, the boast of spring.

VII.

Sweet as the noise in parchèd plains
  Of bubbling wells that fret the stones
(If any sense in me remains),
  Thy words will be; thy cheerful tones
  As welcome to my crumbling bones.

The 'Quarterly Review' for July, 1833, had its fling at the line, 'If any sense in me remains.' 'This doubt,' it says, is 'inconsistent with the opening stanza of the piece, and, in fact, too modest; we take upon ourselves to reassure Mr. Tennyson that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much "*sense*" will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess.'

PAGE 235. — *New-flush'd with may.* — That is, with the blossoms of the hawthorn. Compare 'The Miller's Daughter:' 'The lanes, you know, were white with may.' Here, as there, some of the American reprints put 'May' for 'may.'

EARLY SONNETS.

I. To ——. — In the 1833 volume, but suppressed in 1842. The original version has 'a confused dream' in the third line; 'Altho' I knew not' in the twelfth; and the last line reads, 'And each had lived in the other's mind and speech.' In the eighth line 'hath' is italicised.

II. To J. M. K. — Reprinted in 1842 from the 1830 volume. It is addressed to John Mitchell Kemble (1807–1857), who was a fellow-student of the poet at Cambridge. He gave up his purpose of entering the Church (to which this sonnet refers), and devoted himself to Anglo-Saxon studies.

III. — In the 1833 volume, but suppressed in 1842. In the first line 'full' was originally 'fierce;' and in the twelfth 'warm' was 'great.'

IV. ALEXANDER. — First published in the 'Library Edition' of the 'Poems,' 1872–73.

The story of the visit of Alexander to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon in the Libyan Desert is well-known.

V. BUONAPARTE. — In the 1833 volume, but suppressed in 1842. The only variation from the original version is in the third line, which had 'that' for 'who.' For the Scriptural allusion in the last line, see Judges, viii. 7, 16.

VI. POLAND. — In the 1833 volume, where it is entitled 'On the Result of the late Russian Invasion of Poland;' suppressed in 1842. The original version had 'How long shall the icy-hearted Muscovite' in the tenth line.

VII. — This sonnet and the two that follow were first printed in the 'Selections' of 1865, with the heading, 'Three Sonnets to a Coquette.' The only alterations are in the first line of VII., which originally had 'dainty' for 'slender,' and the fifth line of VIII., which had 'waltzing-circle' for 'whirling dances.'

At the end of IX. there is an allusion to the old proverb, 'A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard.'

X. — Printed in 1833, but suppressed in 1842. The original reading of the first line was 'But were I loved,' etc.

XI. THE BRIDESMAID. — Like IV., first printed in 1872.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

First printed in 1833, and much altered in 1842.

The last four lines of the first stanza were originally as follows: —

> The yellowleavèd waterlily,
> The greensheathèd daffodilly,
> Tremble in the water chilly,
> Round about Shalott.

The next stanza began thus: —

> Willows whiten, aspens shiver.
> The sunbeam-showers break and quiver
> In the stream that runneth ever, etc.

The first reading of the third and fourth stanzas was: —

Underneath the bearded barley,
The reaper, reaping late and early,
Hears her ever chanting cheerly,
Like an angel, singing clearly,
O'er the stream of Camelot.
Piling the sheaves in furrows airy,
Beneath the moon, the reaper weary
Listening whispers, ''t is the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'

The little isle is all inrailed
With a rose-fence, and overtrailed
With roses: by the marge unhailed
The shallop flitteth silkensailed,
Skimming down to Camelot.
A pearlgarland winds her head:
She leaneth on a velvet bed,
Full royally apparellèd,
The Lady of Shalott.

Part II. goes on thus: —

No time hath she to sport and play:
A charmèd web she weaves alway.
A curse is on her, if she stay
Her weaving, either night or day,
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be;
Therefore she weaveth steadily,
Therefore no other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

She lives with little joy or fear.
Over the water, running near,
The sheepbell tinkles in her ear.
Before her hangs a mirror clear,
Reflecting towered Camelot.
And as the mazy web she whirls,
She sees the surly village-churls, etc.

The next stanza ('Sometimes a troop,' etc.) is unchanged; and the only alteration in the next is 'went to Camelot' for 'came from Camelot.'

In Part III. the fifth line of the second and third stanzas had 'down from Camelot;' the last line of the third had 'over green Shalott;' the eighth line of the fourth was 'Tirra lirra, tirra lirra;' and the third line of the fifth had 'water-flower.'

In Part IV. the latter part of the first stanza was as follows: —

> Outside the isle a shallow boat
> Beneath a willow lay afloat,
> Below the carven stern she wrote,
> *The Lady of Shalott.*

Then followed this stanza: —

> A cloudwhite crown of pearl she dight.
> All raimented in snowy white
> That loosely flew (her zone in sight,
> Clasped with one blinding diamond bright)
> Her wide eyes fixed on Camelot,
> Though the squally eastwind keenly
> Blew, with folded arms serenely
> By the water stood the queenly
> Lady of Shalott.

The next stanza opened thus: —

> With a steady stony glance —
> Like some bold seer in a trance,
> Beholding all his own mischance,
> Mute, with a glassy countenance —
> She looked down to Camelot.
> It was the closing, etc.

The remaining stanzas were as follows: —

> As when to sailors while they roam,
> By creeks and outfalls far from home,
> Rising and dropping with the foam,
> From dying swans wild warblings come,
> Blown shoreward; so to Camelot
> Still as the boathead wound along
> The willowy hills and fields among,
> They heard her chanting her deathsong,
> The Lady of Shalott.

A longdrawn carol, mournful, holy,
She chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her eyes were darkened wholly,
And her smooth face sharpened slowly,
Turned to towered Camelot:
For ere she reached, etc.

Under tower and balcony,
By gardenwall and gallery,
A pale, pale corpse she floated by,
Deadcold, between the houses high,
Dead into towered Camelot.
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
To the plankèd wharfage came:
Below the stern they read her name,
'The Lady of Shalott.'

They crossed themselves, their stars they blest,
Knight, minstrel, abbot, squire, and guest.
There lay a parchment on her breast,
That puzzled more than all the rest,
The wellfed wits at Camelot.
'*The web was woven curiously,*
The charm is broken utterly,
Draw near and fear not — this is I,
The Lady of Shalott.'

The ending of the poem is much improved by the revision. The 'wellfed wits' (the epithet seems out of keeping here) might well be 'puzzled' by the parchment, which is as pointless as it is enigmatical; but the new ending, with its introduction of Lancelot, is most pathetic and suggestive.

According to Palgrave ('Lyrical Poems by Tennyson'), the poem was suggested by 'an Italian romance upon the *Donna di Scalotta*, in which Camelot, unlike the Celtic tradition, was placed near the sea.' It is in a very different form that the legend reappears in the 'Idylls of the King.'

PAGE 254. — *Dead-pale between the houses high.* — The reading of 1842 (and down to 1873) was 'A corse between,' etc.

Mariana in the South.

First printed in 1833, but changed so much in 1842 that I give the original form in full: —

Behind the barren hill upsprung
With pointed rocks against the light,
The crag sharpshadowed overhung
Each glaring creek and inlet bright.
Far, far, one lightblue ridge was seen,
Looming like baseless fairyland;
Eastward a slip of burning sand,
Dark-rimmed with sea, and bare of green.
Down in the dry salt-marshes stood
That house darklatticed. Not a breath
Swayed the sick vineyard underneath,
Or moved the dusty southernwood.
'Madonna,' with melodious moan
Sang Mariana, night and morn,
'Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
Love-forgotten and love-forlorn.'

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From her warm brow and bosom down
Through rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown
On either side, and made appear,
Still-lighted in a secret shrine,
Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.
Madonna,' with melodious moan
Sang Mariana, night and morn,
'Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
Love-forgotten and love-forlorn.'

When the dawncrimson changed, and past
Into deep orange o'er the sea,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
Unto our lady prayèd she.
She moved her lips, she prayed alone,
She praying disarrayed and warm

From slumber, deep her wavy form
In the darklustrous mirror shone.
'Madonna,' in a low clear tone
Said Mariana, night and morn,
Low she mourned, 'I am all alone,
Love-forgotten and love-forlorn.'

At noon she slumbered. All along
The silvery field, the large leaves talked
With one another, as among
The spikèd maize in dreams she walked.
The lizard leapt: the sunlight played:
She heard the callow nestling lisp,
And brimful meadow-runnels crisp,
In the full-leavèd platan-shade.
In sleep she breathed in a lower tone,
Murmuring as at night and morn,
'Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
Love-forgotten and love-forlorn.'

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream
Most false: *he* was and was not there.
She woke: the babble of the stream
Fell, and without the steady glare
Shrank the sick olive sere and small.
The riverbed was dusty-white;
From the bald rock the blinding light
Beat ever on the sunwhite wall.
She whispered, with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
'Madonna, leave me not all alone,
To die forgotten and live forlorn.'

One dry cicala's summer song
At night filled all the gallery,
Backward the latticeblind she flung,
And leaned upon the balcony.
Ever the low wave seemed to roll
Up to the coast: far on, alone
In the East, large Hesper overshone
The mourning gulf, and on her soul

Poured divine solace, or the rise
Of moonlight from the margin gleamed,
Volcano-like, afar, and streamed
On her white arm, and heavenward eyes.
Not all alone she made her moan,
Yet ever sang she, night and morn,
'Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
Love-forgotten and love-forlorn.'

The only change since 1842 is in the fifth line of the fifth stanza, which in that edition retains the original 'Shrank the sick olive,' etc.

PAGE 260. — *At eve a dry cicala sung.* — *Cicala* is the Italian for *cicada*. Compare Browning, 'Pippa Passes,' prol.: 'Nor yet cicala dared carouse.'

THE TWO VOICES.

First published in 1842 (when it was dated 1833), and unaltered except in the last stanza but one, the first line of which was originally 'So variously seem'd all things wrought.'

The poem, according to Palgrave (who unquestionably writes 'with authority'), describes 'the conflict in a soul between Scepticism and Faith.'

PAGE 261. — *To-day I saw the dragon-fly, etc.* — This utterance of the Voice has been variously interpreted. Peter Bayne (who is followed by Professor Corson) understands it to mean 'that the shuffling off of this mortal coil may open to him new spheres of energy and happiness;' and that 'the reply of the poet is that man is nature's highest product, — the obvious suggestion being that there is no splendid dragon-fly into which the human grub, released by death, is likely to develop.' But (as I remarked in my 'Select Poems of Tennyson,' in 1884) this 'suggestion,' so far from being 'obvious,' seems to me merely a desperate attempt to make the reference to the higher nature of man a 'reply' to what the critic assumes that the Voice means to say. For myself, I had no hesitation in adopting Tainsh's interpretation of the passage: 'A dragon-fly is more wonderful than

you;' and Lord Tennyson afterwards explained it to me in almost the same words: 'The dragon-fly is as wonderful as you.'

PAGE 264. — *The thorn will blow.* — That is, the hawthorn.

PAGE 265. — *The furzy prickle.* — The prickly furze, or gorse.

PAGE 268. — *When, wide in soul and bold of tongue, etc.* — No doubt Professor Corson is right in seeing in this and the following stanzas an allusion to the poet's university life. Compare p. 27 above.

PAGE 270. — *The riddle of the earth.* — Compare 'The Palace of Art': —

> Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
> Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone.

PAGE 271. — *Sometimes a little corner shines, etc.* — See p. 17 above.

PAGE 273. — *Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.* — See p. 21 above.

The elements were kindlier mix'd. — An allusion to the old notion that man was composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and that the well-balanced mixture of these produced the perfection of humanity. Compare Shakespeare, 'Julius Cæsar,' v. 5. 73: —

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

PAGE 280. — *Some draught of Lethe, etc.* — Compare Virgil, 'Æneid,' vi. 748 fol.

PAGE 286. — *You scarce could see the grass for flowers.* — Compare George Peele, 'Araynment of Paris': —

> And rounde about the valley as ye passe,
> Ye may ne see, for peeping floures, the grasse.

The Miller's Daughter.

First printed in 1833, but much changed in 1842. It originally began with this stanza: —

I met in all the close green ways,
While walking with my line and rod,
The wealthy miller's mealy face,
Like the moon in an ivy-tod.
He look'd so jolly and so good,
While fishing in the mill-dam water,
I laugh'd to see him as he stood,
And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.

The second stanza, now the first, remains unaltered, and the only change in the next is 'can make' for 'makes' in the last line. In the next (third) stanza, the original reading in the second line was 'My darling Alice,' and 'my own sweet wife' in the sixth line.

The fourth stanza ('Have I not found,' etc.) was added in 1842.

The fifth stanza originally stood thus: —

My father's mansion, mounted high,
Looked down upon the village spire.
I was a long and listless boy,
And son and heir unto the squire.
In these dear walls, where I and you
Have lived and loved alone so long,
Each morn my sleep, etc.

The sixth stanza began: —

I often heard the cooing dove
In firry woodlands mourn alone;
But ere I saw, etc.

The last line had 'the long' for 'those long.'

The seventh stanza was as follows: —

Sometimes I whistled in the wind,
Sometimes I angled, thought and deed
Torpid, as swallows left behind
That winter 'neath the floating weed:

At will to wander everyway
From brook to brook my sole delight,
As lithe eels over meadows gray
Oft shift their glimmering pool by night.

The eighth stanza was the one now made the thirteenth, and the first quatrain read thus: —

How dear to me in youth, my love,
Was everything about the mill —
The black and silent pool above,
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still, etc.

The ninth and tenth were as follows: —

I loved from off the bridge to hear
The rushing sound the water made,
And see the fish that everywhere
In the backcurrent glanced and played:
Low down the tall flagflower that sprung
Beside the noisy steppingstones,
And the massed chestnutboughs that hung
Thickstudded over with white cones.

Remember you that pleasant day
When, after roving in the woods,
('T was April then) I came and lay
Beneath those gummy chestnutbuds
That glistened in the April blue
Upon the slope so smooth and cool,
I lay and never thought of *you*,
But angled in the deep millpool.

The stanza beginning 'A love-song,' etc., was not in the original version, which continued thus: —

A water-rat from off the bank
Plunged in the stream. With idle care,
Downlooking through the sedges rank,
I saw your troubled image there.
Upon the dark and dimpled beck
It wandered like a floating light,
A full fair form, a warm white neck,
And two white arms — how rosy white!

If you remember, you had set
  Upon the narrow casement-edge
A long green box of mignonette,
  And you were leaning from the ledge.
I raised my eyes at once: above
  They met two eyes so blue and bright,
Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,
  That they have never lost their light.

The next (thirteenth) stanza, now suppressed, was as follows: —

That slope beneath the chestnut tall,
  Is wooed with choicest breaths of air;
Methinks that I could tell you all
  The cowslips and the kingcups there;
Each coltsfoot down the grassy bent,
  Whose round leaves hold the gathered shower,
Each quaintly-folded cuckoo-pint,
  And silver-paly cuckoo flower.

The fourteenth was: —

In rambling on the eastern wold,
  When thro' the showery April nights
Their hueless crescent glimmered cold,
  From all the other village lights
I knew your taper far away.
  My heart was full of trembling hope,
Down from the wold I came and lay
  Upon the dewy swarded slope.

The fifteenth was as follows: —

The white chalkquarry from the hill
  Upon the broken ripple gleamed,
I murmured lowly, sitting still,
  While round my feet the eddy streamed:
'Oh! that I were the wreath she wears,
  The mirror where her sight she feeds,
The song she sings, the air she breathes,
  The letters of the book she reads.'

The sixteenth was identical with the present sixteenth, 'Sometimes I saw you sit and spin,' etc.

The seventeenth was: —

I loved, but when I dared to speak
My love, the lawns were white with May;
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flushed like the coming of the day:
Rosecheekt, roselipt, half-sly, half-shy,
You would, etc.

'May,' which may have been a misprint, was changed to 'may' in 1842.

The eighteenth and nineteenth (afterwards omitted to make room for the three new ones, in which Alice is brought to visit his mother, — the present eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth) were as follows: —

Remember you the clear moonlight
That whitened all the eastern ridge,
When o'er the water, dancing white,
I stept upon the old mill-bridge?
I heard you whisper from above
A lute-toned whisper, 'I am here;'
I murmured, 'Speak again, my love,
The stream is loud; I cannot hear.'

I heard, as I have seemed to hear,
When all the under air was still,
The low voice of the glad new year
Call to the freshly-flowered hill.
I heard, as I have often heard,
The nightingale in leafy woods
Call to its mate, when nothing stirred
To left or right but falling floods.

The twentieth stanza was as follows: —

Come, Alice, sing to me the song
I made you on our marriageday,
When, arm in arm, we went along
Half-tearfully, and you were gay

With brooch and ring: for I shall seem,
The while you sing that song, to hear
The millwheel turning in the stream,
And the green chestnut whisper near.

The 'Song' was originally this: —

I wish I were her earring
Ambushed in auburn ringlets sleek,
(So might my shadow tremble
Over her downy cheek)
Hid in her hair, all day and night,
Touching her neck so warm and white.

I wish I were the girdle
Buckled about her dainty waist,
That her heart might beat against me
In sorrow and in rest.
I should know well if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

I wish I were her necklace,
So might I ever fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
With her laughter or her sighs.
I would lie round so warm and light
I would not be unclasped at night.

The next stanzas (twenty-first and twenty-second) were:

A trifle, sweet, which true love spells —
True love interprets right alone;
For o'er each letter broods and dwells
(Like light from running waters thrown
On flowery swaths) the blissful flame
Of his sweet eyes, that, day and night,
With pulses thrilling thro' his frame
Do inly tremble, starrybright.

How I waste language — yet in truth
You must blame love, whose early rage
Made me a rhymester in my youth,
And over-garrulous in age.

Sing me that other song I made,
Half-angered with my happy lot,
When in the breezy limewood-shade
I found the blue forget-me-not.

This was the second 'Song': —

All yesternight you met me not.
My ladylove, forget me not.
When I am gone, regret me not,
But, here or there, forget me not.
With your arched eyebrow threat me not,
And tremulous eyes, like April skies,
That seem to say, 'forget me not.'
I pray you, love, forget me not.

In idle sorrow set me not;
Regret me not: forget me not:
Oh! leave me not; oh, let me not
Wear quite away; — forget me not.
With roguish laughter fret me not
From dewy eyes, like April skies,
That ever *look*, 'forget me not,'
Blue as the blue forget-me-not.

The twenty-third stanza is unaltered from the one beginning 'Look thro' mine eyes with thine,' etc.; and the twenty-fourth and last is the same that now ends the poem, except that the first quatrain reads thus: —

I 've half a mind to walk, my love,
To the old mill across the wolds,
For look! the sunset from above
Winds all the vale in rosy folds, etc.

The present twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth stanzas ('Yet tears they shed,' etc.) were added in 1842. In the seventh line of the twenty-fifth all the American editions that I have seen (from 1842 down) have 'the loss *that* brought' instead of 'had brought.'

Fatima.

Reprinted in 1842 from the volume of 1833, where, instead of the present title, it has for heading the following quotation:

> Φαινεταί μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
> Εμμεν ἀνήρ. — Sappho.

The second stanza was added in 1842. The only other change from the original version is the substitution of 'from' for 'at' in the second line of the poem.

Œnone.

First printed in 1833, but materially altered in 1842 and slightly since.

The poem originally began thus: —

> There is a dale in Ida, lovelier
> Than any in old Ionia, beautiful
> With emerald slopes of sunny sward, that lean
> Above the loud glenriver, which hath worn
> A path thro' steepdown granite walls below
> Mantled with flowering tendriltwine. In front
> The cedarshadowy valleys open wide.
> Far-seen, high over all the Godbuilt wall
> And many a snowycolumned range divine,
> Mounted with awful sculptures — men and Gods,
> The work of Gods — bright on the darkblue sky
> The windy citadel of Ilion
> Shone, like the crown of Troas. Hither came
> Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
> Of Paris, once her playmate. Round her neck,
> Her neck all marblewhite and marblecold,
> Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.
> She, leaning on a vine-entwinèd stone,
> Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shadow
> Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.
>
> 'O mother Ida, manyfountained Ida,
> Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.

The grasshopper is silent in the grass,
The lizard with his shadow on the stone
Sleeps like a shadow, and the scarletwinged [1]
Cicala in the noonday leapeth not.
Along the water-rounded granite-rock
The purple flower droops: the golden bee, etc.

The text then goes on without change (except the insertion of the line, 'I waited underneath the dawning hills,' which is not in the first version) to the line, 'Came up from reedy Simois all alone.' It then proceeds as follows: —

'O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
I sate alone: the goldensandalled morn
Rosehued the scornful hills: I sate alone
With downdropt eyes: whitebreasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he came: a leopard skin
From his white shoulder drooped: his sunny hair
Clustered about his temples like a God's:
And his cheek brightened, as the foambow brightens
When the wind blows the foam; and I called out,
"Welcome, Apollo, welcome home, Apollo,
Apollo, my Apollo, loved Apollo."

'Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
He, mildly smiling, in his milkwhite palm
Close-held a golden apple, lightningbright
With changeful flashes, dropt with dew of Heaven
Ambrosially smelling. From his lip,
Curved crimson, the fullflowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.
"My own Œnone,
Beautifulbrowed Œnone, mine own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n
'For the most fair' in aftertime may breed
Deep evilwilledness of heaven and sere
Heartburning toward hallowed Ilion;

[1] In the Pyrenees, where part of this poem was written, I saw a very beautiful species of Cicala, which had scarlet wings spotted with black. Probably nothing of the kind exists in Mount Ida.

And all the colour of my afterlife
Will be the shadow of today. Today
Here and Pallas and the floating grace
Of laughterloving Aphrodite meet
In manyfolded Ida to receive
This meed of beauty, she to whom my hand
Award the palm. Within the green hillside,
Under yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Is an ingoing grotto, strown with spar
And ivymatted at the mouth, wherein
Thou unbeholden may'st behold, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods."

'Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney hills.
They came — all three — the Olympian goddesses:
Naked they came to the smoothswarded bower,
Lustrous with lilyflower, violeteyed
Both white and blue, with lotetree-fruit thickset,
Shadowed with singing pine; and all the while,
Above, the overwandering ivy and vine
This way and that in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarlèd boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.
On the treetops a golden glorious cloud
Leaned, slowly dropping down ambrosial dew.
How beautiful they were, too beautiful
To look upon! but Paris was to me
More lovelier than all the world beside.

'O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
First spake the imperial Olympian
With archèd eyebrow smiling sovranly,
Fulleyèd Here. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestioned, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state "from many a vale
And riversundered champaign clothed with corn,
Or upland glebe wealthy in oil and wine —
Honour and homage, tribute, tax and toll

From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-thronged below her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers."

'O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power
"Which in all action is the end of all.
Power fitted to the season, measured by
The height of the general feeling, wisdomborn
And throned of wisdom — from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance evermore.
Such boon from me Heaven's Queen to thee kingborn," etc.

The next six lines follow without change, and the speech of Juno ends with these two lines, afterwards suppressed:

The changeless calm of undisputed right,
The highest height and topmost strength of power.

There is no change in the next ten lines, except 'Flattered his spirit' for 'Flatter'd his heart.'

The speech of Pallas originally stood thus:

'Selfreverence, selfknowledge, selfcontrol
Are the three hinges of the gates of Life,
That open into power, everyway
Without horizon, bound or shadow or cloud.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Will come uncalled-for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear,
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence.
(Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.)
Not as men value gold because it tricks
And blazons outward Life with ornament,
But rather as the miser, for itself.
Good for selfgood doth half destroy selfgood.
The means and end, like two coiled snakes, infect
Each other, bound in one with hateful love.
So both into the fountain and the stream
A drop of poison falls. Come hearken to me,
And look upon me and consider me,
So shalt thou find me fairest, so endurance,

Like to an athlete's arm, shall still become
Sinew'd with motion, till thine active will
(As the dark body of the Sun robed round
With his own ever-emanating lights)
Be flooded o'er with her own effluences,
And thereby grow to freedom.'
Here she ceased, etc.

The next five lines are unchanged, and the poem then goes on thus: —

Idalian Aphrodite oceanborn,
Fresh as the foam, newbathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers upward drew
From her warm brow and bosom her dark hair
Fragrant and thick, and on her head upbound
In a purple band: below her lucid neck
Shone ivorylike, and from the ground her foot
Gleamed rosywhite, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vinebunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

There is no change in the next twenty-four lines except that, instead of the *three* lines beginning 'She spoke and laugh'd,' the first version has these *two*: —

I only saw my Paris raise his arm:
I only saw great Here's angry eyes, etc.

In the remainder of the poem the changes are few and slight. In the first line on p. 312 ('O mother, hear me yet,' etc.) the earlier reading is 'Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die;' and so also at the beginning of the last paragraph on p. 314. The third line on p. 313 was 'Oh! mother Ida, hearken ere I die;' and the next paragraph began with 'Yet, mother Ida, hear me ere I die.' On p. 312, for the four lines beginning 'My dark tall pines,' the original reading was: —

My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, or lower down
Filling greengulphèd Ida, all between
The snowy peak and snowwhite cataract
Fostered the callow eaglet — from beneath, etc.

The second paragraph on the same page, ending with the second line on p. 313, was inserted in 1842. For the three lines on p. 314, beginning 'Ere it is born,' the first version has only the line, 'Ere it is born. I will not die alone.'

PAGE 303. — *And the winds are dead.* — All the editions I have seen down to 1884 have 'and the cicala sleeps;' and in the next line 'The purple flowers droop.' It probably occurred to the poet that the introduction of the *cicala*, or cicada (the *Greek* cicada, not our insect so called), was too nearly a repetition of that of the grasshopper.

As yonder walls Rose slowly to a music, etc. — Compare 'Tithonus': —

> Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing
> While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

For the myth, see Ovid, 'Heroides,' xv. 179; and for a similar legend concerning the origin of Camelot, see 'Gareth and Lynette.'

PAGE 308. — *Rest in a happy place and quiet seats.* — Compare 'The Lotos-Eaters': —

> For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
> Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
> Round their golden houses, etc.

THE SISTERS.

Reprinted in 1842 from the 1833 volume, with no change except 'and' for 'an'' in 'turret and tree.'

END OF VOL. I.

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